New Republic

MARCH 28, 1949

★ THE TAMMANY TIGER STIRS

By NORMAN GRIESER

★ TIME TO REVALUE OUR RUSSIAN POLICY

AN EDITORIAL

★ LINCOLN KIRSTEIN: THE FINE ARTS

A NEW DEPARTMENT

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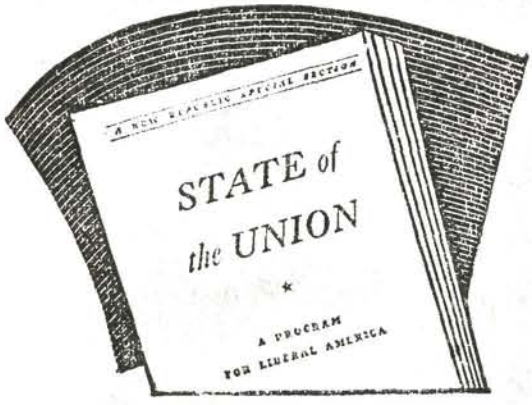

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New Republic

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1949, IN THE U. S. A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49 ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. SINGLE COPY 15¢; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, SIX DOLLARS; CANADA & FOREIGN, SEVEN DOLLARS. Printed in the U. S. A.

WASHINGTON WIRE

JUST ABOUT THE TIME of the cherry-blossom festival and the DAR's annual raid on Washington, the foreign ministers of the 12 Atlantic Pact countries will show up (April 4) for signature. Winston Churchill, like the first robin, has already arrived, though his business is different from the others'. Well, the dignitaries will see at first hand the operation of one of the most curious and subtle governments on earth where a mandate in November doesn't look so good in March. We have been through these striped-pants influxes before and know the bland queries put to newsmen by Distinguished Visitors. "How's Truman doing?" they will ask suavely at cocktail parties, and try to hide their interest in the answer. The answer is, "Not so hot, Excellency, not so hot."

We modestly suggest that each Foreign Minister find time between formal functions to pay a visit to the famous two-headed turtle still alive at the Commerce Department's aquarium. The visit won't take five minutes and will help to explain our government. The turtle is just an ordinary little turtle except that it has two heads. Neither head can understand what the other's doing in its shell. The two heads fight over food, though it's all channeled to the same stomach. They can't ever agree; its a case where two heads are not better than one. Scientists say a thing like this happens only once in a million times; the chances of its happening in a capital where government is divided into two rival and equal parts are evidently much greater. Keepers have got to calling the two turtle heads "Executive" and "Congress."

The Atlantic Pact promises to go through the Senate all right, probably in May or June. It looks a good deal more like an old-fashioned military alliance to us than one of those regional agreements which is authorized under the UN Charter. The heart of it is Article 5, which discusses military force to resist an aggressor. This has been neatly devised. It is as full of loopholes as a Senate cloture rule and Senators can point to it with perfect truthfulness and say that it has no advance legal binding effect whatsoever.

Actually, of course, it is a moral commitment and binds us to our first European alliance in history and to go to war under certain circumstances. The danger is that Russia will now reply in kind and that the process of daring each other will lead to its inevitable dread conclusion. A military alliance never yet—by itself—succeeded in preventing war.

Where Congress may be difficult is over the little twin brother of the Atlantic Pact, the proposal to rearm Europe. Nobody yet knows what this will cost, though reporters have been loosely saying "one to one and a half billions." This column has pointed out that the US now seems headed straight back into deficit financing. Congress pretty surely isn't going to pass Truman's higher taxes, but will increase his budget (note House action last week pushing the good old 70-group-plane program ahead again). National income also seems to be coming down, which means lower tax returns.

The Treasury is going back into the red. This genuinely alarms many conservative congressmen who aren't prepared to do anything about it, however, except cry "economy" and perhaps cut Marshall Plan aid (which would leave the new military pact without those constructive accompaniments which alone justify it). Congressmen might also balk at supplying European military aid. This would seem to have the effect of stirring Rus-

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T. R. B.

in the New Republic

(don't look now—but he's on your *right*)

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sia up without taking adequate precautions for the trouble that might follow. Our forecast is that Marshall Plan aid, the Atlantic Pact and military lend-lease will all go through substantially as the Administration proposes.

We keep asking ourself, "Were the Republicans really smart in teaming up with the Dixiecrats on the filibuster?" You can see the temptation they had. It was great fun while it lasted and it made the Administration look sick. But does a party win presidential elections that way? The GOP has lost five times straight. It couldn't win last November even with the aid of Dr. Gallup. It will never win again unless it has affirmative policies. And now it has gone and linked itself in an intrigue with that *femme fatale,* the Belle from Dixie.

This may not be a permanent union, but it certainly was soft dalliance while it lasted, as any observer of last week's filibuster noted. The offspring is a curious creature, Suh, a cunning little moppet of a 64-vote cloture rule with only one eye. The blind eye is to be turned on any future filibuster directed against strengthening the Senate rules themselves. Well, we are getting all mixed up in our metaphor but you catch our meaning.

Some GOP members, on second thought, were worried over their Dixiecrat alliance. Langer (R, N. D.) rose at one point and ominously told fellow Republicans that he had written the names of three on a slip of paper and put it into a sealed envelope. He predicted all three would lose their seats in 1950 as a result of the filibuster fight, but he didn't mention names.

Majority Leader Lucas wisely said he would give the new GOP cloture rule a tryout on civil-rights legislation before the session ends. The arithmetic seems to us to be against getting the necessary 64 votes, but in the present uneasy Republican mood our guess is that they will at least attempt to put something through, perhaps an anti-poll-tax measure.

Washington T. R. B.

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VOLUME 120, NUMBER 13, ISSUE 1791, NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 28, 1949 **New Republic**

THE NEED IS FOR A DEMOCRATIC INTERNATIONAL

THE TENSION between East and West, says the Secretary General of the United Nations, is "too dangerous to last." How are we to ease the tension? The problem is more than a choice between right and wrong approaches. For the first time, a fifth of the world has sealed itself off so completely that other nations lack the information on which to base a sound approach.

Once again the short-term dangers are great. Western pressure is mounting in the North Atlantic Pact, and Soviet counterpressure, on Finland, Yugoslavia and Iran, is keeping pace. Yet whatever extraordinary steps can be taken to lessen the danger, the real need is still for a long-range Western policy the USSR can assess.

Within the Soviet government a profound reorientation is taking place. Lacking knowledge, we move, by guesswork, to discouraging conclusions. The last ties to the West are breaking; the Five Year Plan is falling behind; productivity and morale are low. Jingoism and fear are no substitutes for consumers' goods, so changes in government follow. Top leaders are freed to shift the direction of the nation. Chief Justice Ivan T. Goliakov, the most moderate of jurists, is replaced as controls tighten. Negotiation and trade with the West are relegated to secondary officials as Soviet diplomacy stoops to propaganda charges of black marketing among ambassadors. Key men are shifted to the major task: effective integration of the satellite nations within the USSR.

As all sources of opposition within these nations are destroyed, the Dimitrovs, past symbols of resistance to tyranny, become as brutalized as those whom they once defied. Small businessmen and farmers are expropriated; political parties are absorbed or outlawed; the churches are crushed in sickening courtroom spectacles; "free" Macedonians appear to destroy the Titos, before they are destroyed. In the non-Soviet world, the Communist Parties abandon all pretense of independence, discard the half-hearted, and turn from political agitation to sabotage and preparation for underground conspiracy during war.

The Soviet government certainly is as ruthless and absolute a dictatorship as any in the world today. It seeks to establish world Communism by any means. It can retreat. It is essentially flexible. In times of economic breakdown and political crisis it pursues revolutionary methods. In times of stability it seeks conciliation. There are groups in the Soviet state which thrive on oppression, fear and the threat of war. There are also other forces. The task is to create conditions under which the forces of conciliation are strengthened.

The fruits of aggression are so easy to pluck. The Soviet leaders are realists. They know how far they have failed to provide a better life. They pirate the term democracy because they understand that democracy—economic, social and political democracy—is closer than Communism to the aspirations of all peoples. To the extent that we fail to support democracy the world over, Soviet ambitions are multiplied. Wherever we promote true democracy, the Communist potential withers.

The potential remains high as long as our policies are unclear. The USSR rejected the Marshall Plan because it believed that the plan would fail. It assumed that the USSR would gain more from accelerating the breakdown of ERP and picking up the pieces, than by coöperating to make it work. In the same way the Soviet government believes that American democracy will go down in depression. And as long as it holds to this belief it will refuse to join with us in any major effort.

Soviet policy is determined not by minor irritations but by the major sweep of our national outlook. Every time we move forward in a reform program we undermine the forces in Russia that live by conflict and preparation for eventual war. Every time the will of our people is frustrated by minority obstruction, the position of the worst elements in Russia is confirmed, and war moves one step closer.

It will take many years for democracy in action to disprove the theory of Marxism. Meanwhile, there is no longer a "settlement" to be reached with Russia. Negotiation of every dispute must be pressed; but the cold war is frozen so hard that its thaw has become more a consequence than a precondition of a stable world. The achievement of a stable, non-Soviet world, by the combined efforts of the free nations rather than bilateral deals with Russia, is now the way to peace.

A stable world requires, first, full economic recov-

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ery. That is the purpose of the Marshall Plan. It is in full accordance with the UN Charter's purpose of promoting higher living standards. If it was good when Molotov arrived to praise it in Paris, it was good when he left to bury it. It is still good today.

A stable world requires the end of colonial exploitation. There is no real tradition of nationalism or antagonism to Western values in Asia. But as long as full national independence is the only means by which Asia can gain control of its own economic resources, then nationalism will rage in Asia, causing divisions and delaying world unity. Again, the bold new program, by which the West will furnish the technical skill and the resources for the industrialization of Asia, provides a basis for world unity and promotes social progress.

A stable world demands political freedom. For the absence of democracy, in the rule of self-perpetuating cliques, is the greatest barrier to social and economic advance.

Our program to win world political freedom is the missing link in our policy. We give aid and comfort to dictators and corrupt regimes. We shy away from a bold program of promoting democratic forces. At the same time, we project economic programs and political requirements which reflect only our institutions and techniques. We forget that institutions exist to serve values, and that the political methods by which undeveloped or devastated nations express the same values may be very different from our own. International communism was crippled when it was forcibly identified, by Russia, with Russian institutions and methods. Democracy is similarly set back to the extent that we press its identification with the exact forms of expression it finds in our unique land.

Granting that democracy is deeper than one nation's habits, how do we promote it? Obviously not through our government, or as a nation. We oppose Soviet intervention in the affairs of other countries. We run into trouble when, *as a nation,* we intervene.

That is not because intervention itself is wrong. If this is one world, then Americans are vitally concerned in the outcome of Italian elections, just as Italians are vitally concerned in our elections. The moral right of both peoples to intervention is clear. There is a legitimate area of world politics today. It is misused only when it is engaged in by individuals representing governments instead of by persons acting as world citizens.

If Ambassador Dunn, in his official capacity, tells Italians how to vote, the brand "Made in America" is stamped with deadly accuracy by Italian Communists on the party he sponsors. If Eleanor Roosevelt, acting as a member of a world movement of democracy to which Italians belong, bears the same message, it is acceptable.

The world's battle is not between two great nations but between two universal faiths. Knowing this, the Russians act through a world movement of Communists. Lacking such a movement, we can never present our case. We criticize the Communist international because it is international. But that is precisely where it conforms to today's needs. We should combat it because it is Communist. Our need is for a world movement for our faith: a democratic international.

THE WEEK

A Large Group of Willful Men

EVEN AFTER the tumult and the shouting had died, some members of the Senate still did not know what had hit their august body. The Republican business community, and the GOP leaders in the Senate, however, had seen the filibuster-civil-rights situation with complete clarity from the beginning. The fact that their party platform committed them to civil rights meant nothing in the face of their higher responsibility to do everything possible to defeat the Truman program. They understood the hazards such a course involved for the party, but they decided that the chance of regaining control of Congress through the renewal of their old coalition with the Southerners was worth the gamble.

Business Week put the issue in focus so that all its clients could understand: "Filibustering is useful when it checks the impulse of an unscrupulous or inconsiderate majority. In the present situation filibustering is not directed solely against the passage of civil-rights legislation. The filibuster is being employed to curb the headlong enactment of an ill-advised Administration program fraught with great peril to a free society."

A real-estate broker in Milwaukee sent the following wire to a Southern filibusterer: "Congratulations. Continue talking a few more weeks and kill rent control." A Chicago businessman wired: "Congratulations on your great fight. We do not need any of Truman's wild legislation." A New

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York Chamber of Commerce executive telegraphed another Southern Senator: "Continue the filibuster and block the rest of Truman's program." (Southern Senators actually received only a handful of mail from their own constituents urging them to continue the filibuster, and the majority of that came from Chamber of Commerce and business and industrial leaders.) Former President Herbert Hoover, to our certain knowledge, advised his friends to keep the filibuster going, describing it as a necessary instrument in the Republican fight to block the Truman program.

These schemers planned well. The coalition in the Senate has reformed more strongly than it ever was in the past—and is dangerously gaining in strength in the House. It will be touch and go for the Administration on every single piece of legislation in both Houses from here on out. There is no swift and sure move by which the Administration can take command of the situation. The battle for each successive measure in the program will have to be fought out vote by vote. There is enough vigorous new blood and energetic leadership in the House to make victory on these terms possible. But the events of the last week in the Senate hold out no such promise.

A week of significant action in the House was practically blanketed in the news by the filibuster. First the liberals took things into their own hands in defeating a proposal for a District of Columbia sales tax. The 103 new Democratic members had grown more impatient with each day the filibuster dragged on. When were they going to get some action? When young John Kennedy (Mass.) and other progressive members of the District Committee took the floor to oppose a District sales-tax bill which had official Administration support, the liberals welcomed a chance for revolt. Speaker Sam Rayburn and Majority Leader John McCormack were as astounded as the reactionary Southerners like Howard Smith (D, Va.) who control the District Committee, when the insurgents, after six hours of explosive floor fighting, won (176-166), with 50 Republicans teaming up with 125 Democrats and one ALP Representative. The newcomers had lined up overwhelmingly with the liberals against the sales tax.

But the very next day, the real-estate lobby showed what could be done even with this spirited group when it put through in the rent-control bill as flagrant a piece of special-interest legislation as the 80th Congress ever passed. House liberals have been rocked by the outcome on this vote, but the superior vitality of the Lower House is already showing itself in a plan of Northern and Western progressives to fight every measure dear to the hearts of the Southerners as it comes up, to stand together against price supports, flood-control and rural-electrification projects for the South until the Southerners agree to be reasonable. They are ready to skip the threats and turn to action in a last try to establish party responsibility.

The Senate will now rush to make up for lost time. Rent control must be extended before March 31. The authorization for the ECA program expires on April 3. The Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act must be renewed very soon in order that negotiations on trade agreements for the coming year can be begun in time. The North Atlantic Defense Pact is ready for consideration. Military lend-lease is not to be taken up until the pact has been approved. After that, there will still be the matters of the ITO charter and displaced-persons legislation.

Senator Ed Johnson (D, Colo.) and other Democratic members of the Senate Finance Committee have announced in advance that they will take the floor in opposition to the party leadership on the Reciprocal Trade Act. They will fight to incorporate escape clauses into our new agreements with other nations and to bring the conservative-minded Tariff Commission back into the center of the international trade picture. It remains to be seen, also, how many reciprocal-trade logs have been rolled in connection with the civil-rights filibuster. Some Southerners are known to have promised votes supporting special-interest amendments on reciprocal trade in return for the Republican support they received for their filibuster.

Labor admits the need for highest priorities on rent control, ECA, and even reciprocal trade, but after that, its spokesmen say, Taft-Hartley can be postponed no longer. There is no accurate way of measuring the effect the filibuster may have had on the line-up on new labor legislation. Chances are that a few more Southern votes will be lost than would have been lost before the recent hostilities. Chances of obtaining a substitute labor bill reasonably satisfactory to labor are now very low indeed. How much the timing of John L. Lewis' "vacation" has further handicapped the Administration plan remains to be seen. The housing program, which is also ready for Senate action, may be considered on and off during the month or so that will be devoted to labor legislation on the Senate floor.

The Truman Administration will make at least one more major attempt to pass its civil-rights program before this Congress adjourns. Present plans are for a special session to be called at the height of Washington's hot season. Perhaps Dixiecrats strong enough to sustain a filibuster in March can be worn down under the August heat, the Democratic strategists say. With no press of other business to aid the Southerners' cause, the Trumanites think they can make a better showing. In the long run, the Democrats' chance of coming out on top in the public estimation will depend to a large extent on the accuracy of Senator Wayne Morse's (R, Ore.) post-filibuster analysis of the prospects:

> A new de-facto political party in America was formed on the floor of the Senate last night. . . . The action taken [by the Republicans] in offering the Wherry substitute resolution to the Senate of the United States will be no encouragement to the great mass of Republican voters and independent voters in the country. When they come to understand what I think are the clear implications of that resolution, they will realize it represents a step backward for

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the Republican Party, and not a step forward.

The hope that Morse is right is the best hope of the Administration.

THE LANDLORDS' LOBBY

"The only reason why rent-control legislation is before the Congress today is because there are more tenants than landlords and the tenants have a numerical superiority, a greater potency at the ballot box," Representative Paul Shafer (R, Mich.) said in a speech on the House floor aimed at proving rent control "wrong, unfair, and discriminatory." Shafer was right about the ballot box—the Administration had used rent control and housing as a No. 1 campaign issue. Because the legislation affects most of the 140 million people in this country, its virtual defeat in the form of landlord amendments passed by the House last week is the first major blight on the record of the 81st Congress.

So weakened was the final bill which passed the House that it would be more accurately described as rent decontrol. The alliance of Southern Democrats and Republicans rode roughshod over the most important Administration provisions. They mustered an easy majority for a "local option" amendment, introduced by John Bell Williams (D, Miss.), which would allow states, counties or cities to determine when controls in their respective areas should be lifted. (The final roll-call vote was 227 to 188, with 71 Democrats, mostly from the South, joining 156 Republicans to push through the amendment.) Even if the local areas do not take advantage of the decontrol provision, landlords will have an easy time raising rents. The House adopted (311 to 47) another amendment providing for "a reasonable return" on "a reasonable value" of property—a special boon to the larger operators in the apartment field.

The "apartment hotel" owners, possibly the higest profiteers in the business, remained unscathed when the House refused, 237 to 175, to restore controls on permanent hotel apartments. As further protection for landlords, the bill, in its final form, failed to authorize criminal penalties for violation of the rent-control law and the federal regulations. Actually, the shell that is left simply extends rent control in its new, watered-down form from April 1 to June 30, 1950, discontinues any further "voluntary" 15-percent increases, although such agreements already in effect would not be disturbed, and allows the Housing Expediter to sue for triple damages in cases where landlords overcharge tenants.

The House action came as no surprise to those who watched several hundred apartment owners, home builders and real-estate lobbyists invade Washington during the past few weeks. Veteran congressmen described the activities of these special-interest groups as one of the most concerted, highly financed drives against a single piece of legislation ever seen. The representatives of the real-estate lobby, said 82-year-old Representative Adolph Sabath (D, Ill.), "can be seen in the hotels, in the corridors of the House and Senate Office Buildings, and in the galleries of the House and Senate, continuing their activities in full force, determined to kill this legislation in the interest of a few thousand owners of big apartment buildings and hotels."

The lobbyists, said Sabath, have already spent more than $3 million in salaries, newspaper advertising, hotel expenses and general propaganda since the 81st Congress convened. Traveling to Washington from all parts of the country, spokesmen for the largest landlord organizations crowded the committee hearing rooms, applauded every real-estate witness's reference to the "un-Americanism" of controlling rents, dined the Representatives individually and in groups, and flooded congressional offices with material de-

FRUITS OF VICTORY

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scribing the sad plight of the landlords. Spearheading the fight against rent control are the National Association of Real Estate Boards, the National Association of Home Builders, the National Apartment Owners Association, and the Property Owners Association of America. These groups reported spending almost $500,000 on lobbying activities alone last year.

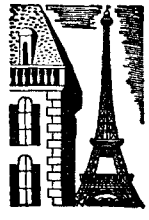
Elated with their victory in the House, the lobbyists have moved into the Senate chamber. The Senate Banking and Currency Subcommittee reported out a bill only slightly better than the House version. Landlords were handed two automatic rent increases of five percent each in the next 12 months over the rent they received on June 30, 1947, exclusive of any hardship increases granted in the interim. States would be permitted to take over rent control at any time the Governor certifies to the Housing Expediter that the state legislature has provided for the maintenance of rent control, even in stand-by form. Unlike the House measure, the Senate bill would recontrol permanent residential hotel units and roll back those rents to the level of October 31, 1948 (the Administration had asked for a roll-back to June 30, 1947), and give the Administration the legal power to enforce rent control.

There is some hope that the Senate measure will weather the storm in better shape. But John Sparkman (D, Ala.), speaking for the committee, has already warned the various states to start getting their stand-by laws on the statute books.

Whatever the final outcome of rent-control legislation, Administration leaders hopefully predict that other parts of President Truman's program will have smoother sailing. There have been no lobbies seeking extension of rent control with the single-mindedness characteristic of the real-estate groups, the Democrats point out, but this is not true in the case of labor, housing and much other social legislation where influential organizations will be prepared to whip wavering Democrats back into line.

OUTSIDE AMERICA

French millionaire leftists are rare. Almost equally rare are naturalized Frenchmen who reach the top rung of the ladder of academic success. Gustave Roussy was such a person. Though of Swiss origin, he became rector of the University of Paris; and despite his immense wealth threw in his lot with the political Left. Before the war he gave much of his money to the French Cancer Institute. During the war he helped Leftist factions of the Resistance. But he was an absent-minded professor, and his wartime financial transactions lacked the lucidity of his academic thinking. Charges were made against him. The Manchester *Guardian* says:



It was widely believed that the decision to make public the charges against him and to prosecute rather than seek a settlement of the Treasury's claims out of court and without scandal was due to political vindictiveness, especially in Roman Catholic quarters. At the time Léon Blum declared that he found it impossible to believe the charges that had been made against Gustave Roussy.

Gustave Roussy committed suicide last year. And last month the French Academy of Medicine associated itself with the French Academy of Science in proposing that the French Cancer Institute should be called the Institut Gustave Roussy.

★

Bao Dai, the reluctant emperor of Annam, has finally yielded to French insistence that he resume his throne in Indo-China. (See "A Dreamer Who Made a Nation," the *New Republic,* February 28.) By the terms of a deal with the French government, the playboy monarch will on April 25 forsake his beloved hot spots of Paris and the Riviera, "return to his ancestral soil," set up "an independent Viet Nam within the French Commonwealth," bring back peace and establish the democratic institutions of a new government in Indo-China.

It all sounds so simple and easy! But if Bao Dai stays on his puppet throne, it will be thanks to the 100,000 soldiers France is maintaining in the Viet Nam. For, as Guy Mollet, general secretary of the French Socialist Party, points out, "Bao Dai enjoys no authority in the country—armed forces of Viet Nam do not obey him." And the situation he will inherit is described in a Paris dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*:

Apart from civilian casualties and other unknown thousands with the insurrectional forces of Moscow-trained Ho Chi Minh, more than two years of guerrilla warfare on the Indo-Chinese peninsula have cost France at least 10,000 troops killed, 20,000 wounded and billions of francs to carry on the military operations.

And Mollet warns that:

Events are moving rapidly in Indo-China. In a few months the so-called Chinese Communist troops may be on the frontier of Viet Nam and offer their military aid, official or unofficial, to the government of Ho Chi Minh. At that moment nothing could save France from disaster and separation from all Indo-China.

All this, however, seems to mean nothing to the old-fashioned imperialists who control the French Colonial Office. Soon Bao Dai will return to Cannes for a final whirl at the gayety he so much enjoys. Then he will return to Indo-China "on a warship transferred for this purpose by France into ownership of Viet Nam." His reception can be guessed by the recent experience of the Dutch in trying to impose puppet rulers on nearby Indonesia. A Singapore dispatch to the London *Times* (which can scarcely be accused of sympathy for "native" rebels) says:

All reports from Indonesia paint a picture of progressive deterioration. . . . The Netherlands is still losing men at

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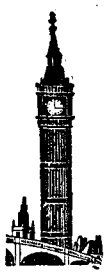
the rate of about 40 killed every week. . . . The political situation has undoubtedly worsened, and Netherlands officials in Batavia are depressed because they can see no way out of the present impasse. They have failed to obtain the coöperation of a single Republican leader of any standing.

With the old imperialism doing business in the old way in Indo-China and Indonesia, is it any wonder that Communism is moving down from China toward Southeast Asia?

★

In London a die-hard conservative publication, the *New English Weekly*, concluded a devastatingly scornful review of a book entitled *Sex in Our Changing World* with the remark that, "The review copy of this work has evidently found its way to the office of the *New English Weekly* by mistake." While the French probably exaggerate in their belief that the British die-hards are against sex, it was certainly a mistake to assume that Colonel Blimps would be anything but Donald Duckish about our changing world.



They rose in fury, for example, against Sir William Darling when he put through the House of Commons a bill designed to change the habits of the customers of pubs who still sing the old tavern ditty, which runs:

To keep game cocks and hunt
the fox
To drink the punch and whisky,
We fear no locks, we'll train
the cocks,
And care not if it's risky.

The object of the bill, Sir William said, was to make more risky the old sport of cock fighting which the little Blimps still prefer to darts. Henceforth an Englishman found in possession of a rooster clipped for fighting or of steel fighting spurs will be arrested. All of which is of course a tragic mistake so far as the die-hards are concerned, but then what can you expect of Sir Stafford Cripps, the austere vegetarian, who doesn't drink the punch and whisky? PERCY WINNER

THE VANISHING FARM PHONE

Monopoly is depriving millions of rural homes of telephones in an age of increasing mechanization and luxury

by Jean Begeman

It is not unusual for an American farmer to have a tractor, electric lights, an electric refrigerator, an electric stove and a de-luxe car. But in many farm neighborhoods telephones are a rarity. Today only about 40 percent of the homes in rural communities enjoy telephone service, while 60 percent are equipped with radios and automobiles, and more than 72 percent have electric power. The proportion of farm telephone ownership does not represent a steady increase during the 69 years that the American Bell Telephone Company has been incorporated. It is, instead, lower than it was in horse-and-buggy days.

In the early 1900's the country was well strung with telephone lines. A group of farmers would get together and construct their own telephone system in a coöperative way, financing it themselves. The census shows that in 1912 there were 32,233 such lines, and by 1922 the number had increased to 57,253. Shortly after World War I, the Bell companies began to take over the more profitable territories. From that time on the number of separate lines or systems decreased rapidly. Rural telephones dropped from 2,498,493 in 1920 to 1,526,959 in 1940.

As the Bell System gradually took over the larger independent operations and gained control over most of the city switchboards and the long-distance service, the less profitable rural systems remained undeveloped. The farmer-owned coöperatives that had previously worked out a switching arrangement with an independent company in the local trading center found that the independent either had been taken over directly by the Bell system or had yielded to the Bell-sponsored program of high rates. (In 1922, E. K. Hall, then vice-president of AT&T, said in a public speech: "There is only one mistake that the Public Service Commissions can make about rates, only one—and that is by keeping these rates too low. They never can make a mistake by making them too high.") Even by lowering rates, the farmer systems could not hold their subscribers because they could not give the needed exchange or long-distance service. The farmers were left with antiquated lines and inadequate equipment. In 20 years one million telephones in farm homes were disconnected.

As the monopoly of AT&T and the deterioration of farmer-owned mutual systems reached a critical point in 1945, Senator Lister Hill (D, Ala.) and Representative W. R. Poage (D, Tex.) came to the farmers' aid. They introduced legislation authorizing the Rural Electrification Administration to make loans to finance expanded telephone service in rural areas. The bills, never reported out of committee, would have allowed newly organized co-ops, existing mutuals, privately owned systems, independents, or any operator providing rural service, to borrow funds to establish or improve the service on 35-year terms at two-percent interest rates (as arranged under the present self-liquidating rural-electrification program). The wartime shortage of telephone equipment plus AT&T's promise to remedy the situation as soon as possible gave the Senate and House committees an excuse to shelve the Hill-Poage proposals.

Democrats now in control in the House Agriculture subcommittee, headed by Representative Poage, have put this legislation first on the "fair deal for farmers" program this session. To those familiar with the early days of the rural-electrification program, the hearings on the telephone measure have been strongly reminiscent of

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1935, when the REA was born. Like the power trust, AT&T lobbyists cried out against government intervention, declared that telephone service to "substandard rural areas" is not feasible, predicted that private industry would be able to provide adequate service in the future. (When the private utilities tried to prevent the establishment of the REA in 1935, a spokesman for the power companies told Congress that "there are very few farms requiring electricity for major farm operations that are not now served.") Actually, rates were so exorbitant that electricity was beyond the reach of thousands of average farmers.

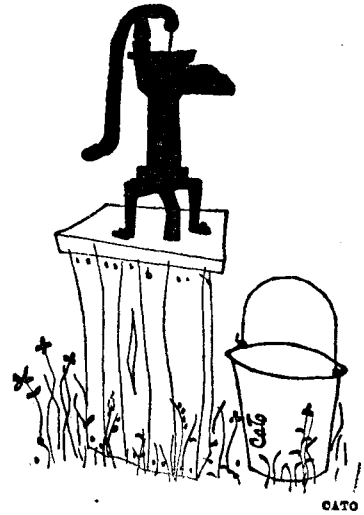
Under the stimulus of the REA financing program, the percentage of farms receiving electricity increased from 10.9 percent at the end of 1934 to nearly 73 percent at the end of '48. Today more than four million rural customers have electric light and power.

Benton Stong of the National Farmers' Union told the Agriculture subcommittee that the REA has supplied the technical knowledge for the extension of rural power lines to farms in an adequate, modern way—"It has achieved costs sufficiently low that service can be supplied, at prices which farmers can pay, in areas of such low population density that they are unattractive to the power monopolists . . . as to the telephone monopolists."

The Bell System has advertised its current expansion program to provide a million new telephones for American farms by 1950. "Even with this program completed," Senator Hill told the committee, "more than half of the farms will still be without services—some three million farms and three million non-farm establishments." Given low-interest federal loans, without REA supervision, the Bell System would extend lines only so far as high and extremely profitable rates could be collected, possibly only three or four more miles from town.

In the South, where only 10 percent of the farm homes had telephones in 1940, rural service has fallen to inexcusably low levels. Gordon Persons, president of the Alabama Public Service Commission, noted that as of January 1, 1949, Southern Bell (AT&T subsidiary) had 45,750 unfilled applications for telephone service in Alabama; 35,000 in North Carolina; more than 40,000 in Florida and Georgia; 37,000 in Louisiana; 20,000 in Mississippi; 25,000 in South Carolina; and 45,000 in Tennessee. "In my own district," said Representative Poage, "the rural service offered over the Bell lines was so bad, before I first introduced telephone legislation, that it was often quicker to get in a car and go talk with a farmer than try to reach him by phone. . . . Since I introduced my first bill there has not only been a marked improvement of the rural service in our area, but the Bell people have been most active in extending their lines to new subscribers."

Joining AT&T opposition, headed by Frank Quigley, $25,000-a-year lobbyist, are the so-called "independent" telephone-system spokesmen. The "independents," like Jean Shotwell of the Lufkin (Tex.) Telephone Company, differed with the Bell System on only one point: the AT&T wants *no* federal financing, while the independents want *some* financing from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation rather than the REA. Actually, the independents would benefit greatly under the bill, since the companies could receive their telephone loan from the REA at two percent, a considerable saving over the current three and a half to six percent they pay for loans.



AT&T is both an operating and a holding company. Today there are 21 Bell operating companies. AT&T owns 100 percent of the stock of eleven, more than 99 percent of five others, and the majority interest in three of the remaining five. In only two of the 21 companies (Cincinnati and Suburban Bell Telephone, and Southern New England Telephone) does its stock interest amount to less than a majority. In addition AT&T has large Canadian and Cuban holdings.

In January of this year, the Department of Justice filed an anti-trust suit against AT&T and its wholly-owned manufacturing subsidiary, the Western Electric Company. Attorney General Tom Clark contended that restoration of competition would lower equipment costs and "create a situation under which state and federal regulatory commissions would be afforded an opportunity to reduce telephone rates to subscribers." The suit is especially significant since AT&T's operating subsidiaries are now seeking rate increases which, if granted, would bring the increase in the nation's annual telephone bill since the close of the war to more than $400 million.

Certainly one of the most effective ways to weaken AT&T's hold over the entire industry would be to finance rural telephone systems by long-term loans through the REA. Thousands of small companies dependent on the Bell System for long-distance service are finding it almost impossible to obtain the financial aid necessary to expand and improve their systems, since their profits are never large and high-cost commercial loans are out of their reach. The AT&T-controlled subsidiaries, while opposing the federal program, are in no position today to provide low-cost service to farmers and at the same time pay huge dividends to the parent company.

E. N. Widen, general manager of Southwestern Bell Telephone Company, an AT&T subsidiary, neatly explained the Bell System's opposition when he told the House Agriculture subcommittee that he was "allergic to competition."

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THE TIGER FLICKS HIS TAIL

Tamed by "reform" and smeared with old scandal, Tammany makes new plans for gaining political power in New York

by Norman Grieser

ON AN ESTATE near Tarrytown, a village twenty miles up the Hudson River from New York City where Ichabod Crane saw the headless horseman riding at midnight, there is a small tombstone bearing the epitaph:

> TAMMANY
> A CAT
> SAGE OF CITY HALL
> DIED IN 1939

Tammany, the pet tabby of City Hall who lapped milk and made many friends among officials, office seekers and hangers-on, died ten years ago. Tammany, the political organization, tiger-king of New York City and State politics for more than a century and a half, has been given an eager funeral many times by political experts and editorial writers.

But the spring of 1949 marks the beginning of the "season of blossoms" for the ancient and honorable Society of Tammany. And the political organization, of which one of its old-time stalwarts said, "Like the everlasting rocks, the eternal hills and troubles on the 'L' road—it goes on forever," is twitching its tail. Ahead lie many Novembers, for sportsmen and Tammany the "season of hunting."

Pointed to by reformers and good-government groups as the wickedest of all the nation's political machines, Tammany Hall was supposed to have been killed in the twenties and thirties. The Seabury scandals, the resignation under fire of Mayor Jimmy Walker, the advent of Fiorello LaGuardia as New York's reform mayor, the investigations and election of Thomas E. Dewey to the governorship and the decision of Mayor O'Dwyer to carry on in the LaGuardia tradition all were supposed to be final nails in the coffin of the nasty, unwanted creature.

It is true that for the past ten or fifteen years, Tammany has been a lean, hungry, much-mauled and practically homeless political animal. One observer noted that it had been beaten so often that instead of being a predatory tiger cat, it was more like a "skinned, striped hearth rug." The Democratic organization of the county of New York, variously known as Tammany or the Hall, today is not by any means the old, powerful machine which ran New York City and State and made and broke national figures and reputations in Washington.

Tammany today does not even mean Democratic politics in New York City. It stands only for the Democratic organization in Manhattan, one of New York's five boroughs. Mayor O'Dwyer is a Democrat from Brooklyn. The Bronx is still being guided politically by the aging but firm hand of Boss Ed Flynn, who with James A. Farley was one of the powerful political aides of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The skyscraper island of Manhattan no longer wields the balance of power in city-wide politics. Too many families have moved out into the suburbs of Brooklyn, the Bronx and Queens. Too many old-time slums and saloons have come down to make way for office buildings and modern parkways.

As the people have left Manhattan Island, so have their votes. As the suburbs and outlying areas grew, so did their political influence. As the flow of immigration was dammed and dwindled to a small rivulet, new votes no longer streamed into the Tammany fold. On the national scene, such figures as FDR, Al Smith, Governor Lehman and Mayor LaGuardia rose to national prominence, stood for reform and government for the "common man," and dominated city and state politics.

Tammany was down. It started slipping in 1924, after the death of its last powerful boss, Charles F. Murphy. The Seabury investigation of the thirties dealt a telling blow. The victory of LaGuardia in 1933, a victory of "fusion" and "good government," was supposed to be the final test. The Hall flunked. LaGuardia held office for three terms, long enough to make his own appointments and clean out the last Tammany hangovers.

When Mayor O'Dwyer took over in 1946 and immediately started and won a fight with the Tammany leadership, editorial writers said the tiger was tamed. The Mayor from Brooklyn would run Tammany as well as the city. The New York County Democratic organization's great days would become only a legend.

To look at the headquarters of Tammany today you might think that the prophets were right. In the small suite of offices on the fifth floor of a Madison Avenue building, there are only one telephone operator, a couple of rooms with desks, and a few secretaries. It is nothing like the old Wigwam on Union Square. There is about these headquarters none of the greatness of 1868, when Tammany played host to the Democratic National Convention. Then the Tammany Wigwam, on Fourteenth Street, was a three-story building with a library, a concert room and an auditorium capable of seating 1,000 people. A hundred persons could gather on the speakers' platform alone. Now, New York's regular Democrats assemble in a school or a public hall for anything except small, executive-committee meetings.

The present headquarters of Manhattan Democrats is filled with leather chairs, rotund men with big cigars and low foreheads, and the stale cigar-smoke atmosphere of politics anywhere. Behind a faded green curtain is all that remains of the once proud "Tammany Society, or Columbian Order," the organization which gave continuity to Democratic politics in

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New York. For practical purposes, the Tammany lodge and the Democratic political organization are one and the same. Today a few old photographs and etchings, wooden folding chairs stacked in rows and musty banners with faded lettering are all that is left of a society that dates back to 1786.

But in these dusty precincts, plans are stirring. First, Tammany has a new boss. Hugo Rogers, the Borough President of Manhattan, has been leader of Tammany Hall since last July. Since his election to the leadership, he seems to have been consolidating his position, so that the old pattern of squabbles, fights for control, and continual bickering among the Tammany district leaders may be fading. Second, the Democrats, much to their surprise, won the national elections last November. Third, Mayor O'Dwyer seems to have settled into an unsteady but definite working relationship with Tammany. Patronage—from the Truman Administration, from City Hall, from Borough President Rogers' office—is flowing again.

When Mayor O'Dwyer took office in 1946, the old Clarence Neal-Bert Stand gang, associated in the public mind with prominent New York racketeers, was in active and public control of Tammany. O'Dwyer fought them. He cut off city patronage. He enlisted the aid of President Truman and the New York State Democratic Committee to cut off federal jobs. Tammany starved, and the old leaders were thrown out.

O'Dwyer gained temporary control through his candidate, Frank Sampson, who became head of Tammany. But not for long. An intra-party fight developed over the nomination for the office of Surrogate, a powerful judgship which carries with it enormous areas of patronage. After O'Dwyer threatened to back the Republican nominee, a compromise candidate was arrived at, but O'Dwyer's man was kicked out of the leadership. Rogers became Tammany head, and Judge John A. Mullen, the compromise candidate for Surrogate, was licked by his Republican opponent.

Another avenue of patronage was lost to the Democrats. The powerful Surrogate's office went Republican, and heads shook around the Wigwam and City Hall. If anybody was going to get anywhere, everybody would have to get together. Frightened by the loss in New York City, and surprised and encouraged by the Truman victory in the national campaign along with Democratic victories in the local, state and national campaigns, party members began to close ranks.

Now, under the leadership of Rogers and Francis X. Mancuso, a member of the Executive Committee, the Hall is beginning to assume an air of civic-mindedness, good government and clean Democratic politics. A fund-raising dinner will be held early in May, the first step in collecting $100,000 for a new headquarters.

Step number two is the proposed reëstablishment of an improved brand

FROM "THE AMERICAN PAST," BY ROGER BUTTERFIELD (SIMON & SCHUSTER)

"THE TAMMANY TIGER LOOSE," BY THOMAS NAST, IN AN 1871 ISSUE OF *HARPER'S WEEKLY*

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of the old neighborhood services. A social worker is to be hired, and furnished with an office and assistants. He is to supervise the Hall's activities in this field. Tammany leaders talk of neighborhood clinics, with free medical attention for the poor. They plan for rejuvenating the district clubhouses, distributing food baskets and providing job assistance for the unemployed. Tammany once more, they hope, will assume its close relationship with the underprivileged of New York.

Another step is to be the awakening of the women Democrats. Gatherings, lunches, dinners, the revitalizing of the speakers' bureau and the herding together of the distaff side of democracy are on the agenda. While women have been co-leaders of the Tammany districts for many years, it is traditional in Hall politics that they play a secondary part in the organization.

However, Tammany leaders have noted that there are almost as many women as men registered in the Democratic Party in Manhattan. A recent special election showed that the women's vote was all-important in electing the Democratic candidate, who won by only a few hundred votes. "Women are at home most of the day —they have time to vote," one Tammany leader observed. "This is particularly important in special elections, when the men aren't given time off from their jobs to go to the polls."

When the new building has been purchased, the social program under way and the women embued with the old do-or-die spirit, it is hoped that the Tammany Society, or Columbian Order, will come into its own.

The dusty banners, the carved-oak lectern, the conference table and the photographs of old heroes will be given a new home on an entire floor of the new headquarters. There the Sachems, or councilmen, can foregather. The Wiskinkie (the keeper of the doorway of the sacred Wigwam) can challenge all who would enter, and the chosen leaders and elder statesmen can blow cigar smoke into one another's faces until death do them part.

The plans of Tammany's present leadership to regain unity, cohesion and political influence among the Democrats of Manhattan are cast in the traditional Tammany mold. Reading the Declaration of Independence at a Fourth of July picnic, digging down to help the poor of the neighborhood, attending funerals, finding a job in the city's vast areaways of government for young Johnny, may not add up to the most efficient kind of municipal government. But for years Tammany has found such activities good politics.

"What tells in holdin' your grip on your district," wrote George Washington Plunkitt, successful Tammany leader of the early twentieth century, "is to go right down among the poor families and help them in the different ways they need help. If there's a fire in Ninth, Tenth or Eleventh Avenue, for example, I'm usually there with some of my election-district captains as soon as the fire engines. If a family is burned out, I don't ask whether they are Republicans or Democrats. . . . I just get quarters for them, buy clothes for them if their clothes were burned up, and fix them up till they get things runnin' again. . . . Who can tell how many votes one of these fires will bring me?"

Plunkitt looked upon fires as a political opportunity. Good-government groups are likely to have a different view. A long report prepared by the Citizens' Budget Commission in 1948 recommended, among other things, that the city switch to smaller pumpers and use metal ladders on its fire engines.

Observers of the science of politics and government in America tend to point out that times have changed since Plunkitt's day. They refer to the rise of labor unions, with the welfare activities undertaken by them; the entrance of federal, state and municipal governments into the fields of social security, unemployment compensation and health and medical benefits.

The politician, on the other hand, who rises to political leadership because of the firm support of the faithful in his neighborhood, believes that there will always be gratitude and consequent power for the politician who appeals to the hearts of his neighbors. He knows that there are delays, red tape and seeming inhumanity in the clicking of the wheels of any governmental machine, no matter how efficient, and "acts accordin'."

Such men point to the success of Vito Marcantonio, ALP Representative from an upper East Side section of New York. Marcantonio's success is due in large measure to his having convinced the Puerto Ricans in his district that he is for them; that he is able and willing to help them solve their problems. The social scientists may deduce that the Puerto Rican migration is the last great influx into New York. They may believe that it is only a hangover from the days of the latter half of the nineteenth century when the Irish, Germans, Italians and Southeastern Europeans flooded through Ellis Island. The practical politician points out that the Puerto Ricans have spread all over Manhattan, and that the poor, the ignorant, the people in trouble are always with us, especially in depressed times. And they have the vote.

To the practical politician, votes add up to election victories, which mean jobs. Jobs mean patronage, and patronage means more friends, more votes and more election victories. The man who is most successful at this business gains power within the party and becomes a leader. If his power spreads widely enough, and he retains his position of leadership long enough, he becomes a "political boss," and, through the favors he can give or withhold, the majorities he can roll up, attains local, statewide or even national eminence and power. This, to the practical politician, is political democracy.

"There ain't no such thing as a good boss. If he is good, he is not a political boss; and if he is a political boss, he's no good," wrote Fiorello LaGuardia. "I never permitted a political boss to come within a mile of City Hall when I was Mayor."

LaGuardia, a Republican, grew up politically in a strong Tammany dis-

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trict. He joined the Republican Party because "I couldn't stomach Tammany Hall." In his twelve years as Mayor, LaGuardia introduced many reforms in New York City government. City jobs were put under civil service. The land-condemnation racket was ended. Parks were built; municipal employees put in an honest day's work or got fired. Career men were picked as top administrators, and the money-honesty of the Mayor and his key men was never questioned.

As a reformer and an insurgent, LaGuardia was poison to the old-line politicians. It is ironic that New York politicos of all parties now refer to him as a "shrewd politician," as if that were the highest honor they could bestow. They chuckle over his radio speeches, his cussing out the crooks and racketeers, his reading the comics to the kids. One remembered, with admiration, watching the fiery Fiorello show a New York sidewalk crowd how to make home brew during Prohibition. The lesson of LaGuardia leading the reformers, with the backing of public opinion, in the interest of clean, efficient government, seems to them to be secondary (although no one has attempted to do much more than nibble away at the results he achieved).

Another lesson that LaGuardia highlighted for New York's practical politicians was the importance of the Italian vote. In the old days, Tammany was Irish. George W. Olvaney, Tammany chief in the twenties, wrote: "The Irish are natural leaders. The strain of Limerick keeps them at the top." The close connection between Tammany's fortunes and the Irish vote was shown in 1919, when the Hall lost out because President Wilson failed to support Irish freedom.

"The first word an Irish boy learns in the old country," George Washington Plunkitt observed, "is New York. Even before he lands in New York . . . his friends here often have a good place in one of the city departments picked out for him." Mayor O'Dwyer was born in Eire, but Borough President Rogers is Jewish. Mancuso, the second most powerful Tammany official, is Italian. In the fight over the Surrogate judgeship, an Italian was turned down and an Irishman received the Democratic nomination. A Republican named Frankenthaler won. Times have changed in New York.

Al Smith, one of the last great national figures produced by the Tammany political machine, noted the changing times before he died. "The younger generation," he wrote, "is not going to be led by the old-time political methods. . . . I feel that consideration in future will be given for service to the whole city by the political party rather than the ability of the district leader to hold his office by personal favor."

Citizen groups, disgruntled Democrats and persons who talk "fusion" when referring to the coming mayoralty election point to the fact that many young, able persons in politics have drifted away from the Democratic Party or are in more or less open revolt against Tammany. They add that while O'Dwyer has in general been a good, honest Mayor, he has weakened his position by "playing along with the boys." LaGuardia said: "I don't believe that a chief executive of a city can possibly work with a machine and give good government. The politicians will want control; they'll wear him down; they'll break his heart. The machines are callous."

However, political friends of Mayor O'Dwyer point out that the last LaGuardia term was somewhat of a letdown; that the city's financial position was precarious; and that the ex-cop from Brooklyn had inherited a lot of political messes and headaches from his fiery, unpredictable predecessor. While he tried and failed to lick Tammany in Manhattan, O'Dwyer has succeeded in getting his own candidate into control of the Brooklyn Democratic organization. Although some political water still remains in the city administration, Mayor O'Dwyer is running the city, not the politicians.

About Democratic "drifters," the men of Tammany tend to smile, shrug their shoulders and predict they'll all come home in the end.

"I tell you frankly how I have captured some of the Citizens' Union's young men," confided George Washington Plunkitt. "I watch the City Record to see when there's civil-service examinations for good things. Then I take my young Cit in hand, tell him about the good thing and get him worked up till he goes and takes an examination. . . . It's a cinch that he comes back to me in a few days and asks to join Tammany Hall."

It may not be a cinch to pull back into the fold such young Democrats as have joined the group of Fair Dealers. The era of Franklin Roosevelt and of the appeal to the voters of a broad, clean, liberal program seems to have come to stay. The old-timers don't really believe that anyone can go into politics except to make a living out of it. "A young lawyer has three choices," a Tammany official said. "He can start out with an independent income; marry a rich wife; or go into politics."

On the other hand, the ALP and Liberal Parties, the fusionists and the group of young Democrats which calls itself Fair Dealers, have attracted much new talent. Such political groups are up against the tradition of political regularity, voiced by a man like Plunkitt in the old days. "At least a half-dozen so-called Democratic organizations are formed every year," he observed. "All of them go in to down Tammany and take its place, but they seldom last more than a year or two."

The growth and staying power of the Liberals and the ALP in New York are an indication that the days of Plunkitt are gone. The splinters are growing and the old stump for many years has been rotten with decay. Whether all the non-Republicans will get together in the same woodpile is a question for the future. But as of 1949 one active young member of the Liberal Party, a former Democrat, said: "I tried to beat the machine, but I got out. It can't be done. Besides, what good would it do? If you lick them, they join you."

With certain exceptions, the caliber of young men rising in the Democratic machine of New York County is

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not remarkably high. Perhaps this is due to the era of corruption and public anger which Tammany went through in the twenties and thirties. Perhaps it is the result of the weakness of the Tammany bosses since Charles Murphy's death in 1924. Murphy is quoted by Democrats as having got together men like Senator Wagner and Al Smith and told them, "You make the issues, boys, and I'll back you up with the organization."

In its present leadership, Tammany has men who, rather than being symbols of progressive, enlightened forces in politics, are on the defensive. Rogers has been mentioned in the public prints in connection with the slot-machine operators and Frank Costello, New York racket king, although he has vigorously denied any such association. Mancuso was indicted and unsuccessfully tried on the charge of failing to close the City Trust Company after insolvency. Of the scandals in 1929 this was "among the juicier morsels," according to Boss Ed Flynn.

Mayor O'Dwyer called Borough President Rogers "intelligent" and a "hard worker." When elected to the Tammany leadership in July, 1948, Rogers said: "I consented to take this job in order to follow up the very thing that the Mayor wants to do, and that is to clean up the organization." The degree of coöperation achieved between Tammany leader Rogers and City Hall would seem to indicate that Tammany is working toward this goal.

Back of the low state to which all political organizations fall from time to time, is boundless public apathy. Party primaries will be held in New York during the late summer of this year, but few New Yorkers will turn out to vote. For many of them, the fact that the bars are closed will be the only indication that an election is being held. In the primaries, the party representatives and the men and women who will make up the future executive committee of Tammany Hall will be chosen.

As long as such widespread indifference and non-participation exists, the leaders of political parties will be able to manipulate the rules and pull the strings to consolidate their own positions. A good example of such a system is the method of electing Tammany district leaders. County committee members are elected in the primaries—there are more than 1,000 such members in Manhattan alone. These in turn meet within their districts and elect their leaders. The district leaders then form the executive committee, which elects the leader of Tammany Hall. A system of district and vote splitting among the members of the executive has developed until the system, as it stands at present, makes almost no sense except to the leader who wants to stay in power.

The position of the old-fashioned Tammanyites—that politics is a business in which political services and vote-getting abilities are rewarded with public office—seems directly opposed to the philosophy of civil service, wherein the man most fitted for the job, administratively, is placed there with the opportunity of making a career in the service of the general good. Actually, such great leaders produced by democracies as Abraham Lincoln, Al Smith and Franklin Roosevelt, combine the two. As products of political organizations, they represent their constituents. As far-seeing and public-spirited men they serve their country by reforming and improving its political institutions.

Meanwhile, except in times of crisis, when far-reaching national issues are sharply drawn, or when the personalities involved are strong and clashing, the great American public tends to go to the baseball game. Only when corruption becomes so apparent, and the spotlight of publicity is sharply focused, is the average voter aroused, the old machine thrown out and reform given a chance. "No matter how highly organized a political party may be, the people, when given a definite issue, decide elections without any consideration of political leadership," wrote Al Smith. "As far as patronage is concerned, it means nothing when there is an issue that appeals strongly to the people themselves."

Looking around at the current New York scene, Tammany leaders don't find any smashing issues or rising political leaders of the caliber of FDR or Al Smith. They go on planning their old-fashioned political plans, using old-fashioned political methods. Being organization Democrats they inherit all the past and present, real and imagined evils that have become associated with particular machines and party politics in general. They are in a vulnerable position for the young giant killers who will rise on political rostrums and seek to win national fame by slaying them.

Tammany's thinking may not be as old-fashioned as that of Plunkitt, who held that a successful political leader "has learned how to reach the hearts of the great mass of voters. He does not bother about reaching their heads. It is his belief that arguments and campaign literature have never gained a vote." Many leaders still lean in that direction.

So on the coming Fourth of July, Tammany will gather to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" and listen to the reading of the Declaration of Independence. Tim will slap Jim on the back, saying, "How are the wife and kids," while surreptitiously asking his district captain, "What's that fellow's name?" The Sachems will preside in their stovepipe hats, and the great game of traditional American politics will be carried on.

But outside the small group of the party faithful will be the large mass of New York voters, listening to the radio, reading the papers and coming to some sort of judgment about local and national affairs. In the background are the new generations, learning about government in the schools and colleges.

In the long run, it will be these thinking, voting citizens who decide whether the Tammany tiger, cut down to size and confined to the island of Manhattan, where it seems destined to stay, will grow sleek and contented. Or whether, like Tammany, the pet tabby of City Hall, it will die and be buried under a small tombstone.

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WANTED: A NEW TAX LAW

The present system is full of holes through which a growing number of rich men escape a just share of the burden

by Ray Josephs

EVERY TIME you—and almost 144 million other Americans—make a move, Uncle Sam gets his cut. The withholding tax comes out of your pay. The excise tax is tacked on to your gasoline, movies and cigarettes. Income taxes take a good share of what is left.

But little publicized today is a growing group of Americans, many in the top income brackets, who pay few or no taxes—and get away with it legally. The key to this situation is found in the loopholes of our tax laws which permit those who can afford expert advisers to discover the exemptions and devices that enable them to stay within the letter of the law while avoiding their fair assessment.

Probably the worst offenders are the new millionaires in the super-boom area of our Southwest. There have been many stories about this region's riches, but little on the tax picture as it bears on those in the oil and cattle businesses. In any conventional enterprise, an income of $250,000 a year would put its recipient in the 90-percent tax bracket. The oil-rich sons of Texas and Oklahoma pay comparatively little. For under our present tax schedules, the man who goes after oil is a privileged character.

One Pennsylvanian who had invested large sums in the Southwest explained how it worked. "We can deduct 27.5 percent of our gross income from each oil well as a depletion allowance, and pay no taxes on it. And we can continue these deductions for the life of the wells. We can also write off almost any sum we spend as intangible development costs—including expenses incurred in drilling dry holes—while we keep everything that does come in."

When I pointed out that if a laborer, salesman or teacher tried to deduct even the cost of working clothes as a legitimate item, the Internal Revenue men would soon be on his trail, my oil friend strolled out to his gleaming new car and answered: "Them suckers just don't know how to get in the right business."

In the same Southwest region I encountered scores of new millionaire ranchers benefiting by our uneven tax regulations. Hundreds have been buying ranches of all sizes to hold the tax bill as nearly as possible to zero. "You set up a place like this as a separate company," one advised me. "You put on cattle, horses, chickens, as for a commercial ranch. And again Uncle Sam lets you get away with murder. Buy a $25,000 pure-bred bull—you can charge it off within eight years even though it is still going strong. The herd you develop is also a perfect reservoir for piling up capital. If you have your money in a bank or almost anything else, you have to pay taxes on it every year. Put in cattle, and you set the time, place and conditions to gain every tax advantage."

Losses on infertile cattle, depreciation on equipment, deductions for all kinds of property repairs and even an occasional swimming pool for weekend guests have been permitted, others told me. But should an everyday taxpayer buy a washing machine and list it among his deductions, he'd find a highly inquisitive questioner on his doorstep before the first hamperful of laundry was dry.

Real estate is another field where wide loopholes exist. If you buy a house whose value goes up, then sell it at a profit, you've got a good-sized tax to pay on your added income. The loophole finders have set up corporations for each piece of property they buy. If they sold a building at, say, a $100,000 profit—not an unusual occurrence in many cities these days—the income tax might amount to $75,000. But by organizing a separate corporation to buy the place, then selling it after a minimum of six months, they can take the profit in the form of dissolution dividends. The tax ceiling on such dividends is only 25 percent. Moreover, present laws permit deductions for "any expenditure connected with, due to or resulting from the management or conservation of corporation property," things you can't charge off on your own home.

The dissolution dividend has other variations. Typical is the creation of a company to make a special type of lamp, a line of novelties, or ladies' handbags. The firm makes money, but, instead of declaring dividends, profits are allowed to accumulate. The law requires that profit-making companies pay their shareholders, but there aren't enough government tax agents to see that it's done. Often officials are two to three years behind schedule. Those who know, therefore, wait until the kitty is full, then dissolve the corporation—and take the profit out in the form of dissolution dividends. Again the tax can't be higher than 25 percent. "If the corporation is dissolved before Uncle Sam gets around," one lawyer explained, "the government can do little—for the system is entirely legal."

Hollywood has frequently used the

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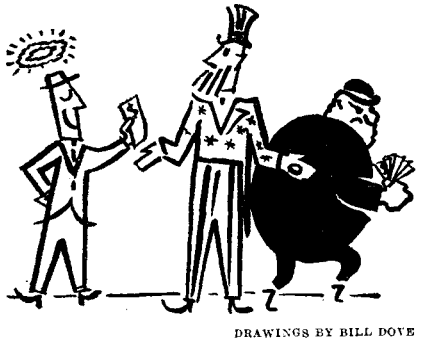
dissolving corporation to get out from under taxes. In many cases, artists, directors, producers and others have set up corporations for the production of a single picture. They contribute only their services. When the picture has been released for six months or more, they dissolve the corporation and count the profits as capital gains rather than income; taxable at 25 percent. Officials, estimating that in one year alone the collapsible Hollywood corporation cost the government $18 million in taxes, have sought to plug this loophole. As one official put it: "We make a clear distinction between this kind of thing and the single-picture corporations established by stars like Bing Crosby where risk capital is involved."

The public surprise which greeted the news that radio stars Amos 'n' Andy had sold their program as a "package" to the Columbia Broadcasting System for close to $2,500,000, payable over a period of three years, was not shared by those who had been employing similar methods. In the Amos 'n' Andy deal, the broadcaster hired them back as employees and, in effect, lend-leased them to their present sponsor. Under the old system they were paying close to 80 percent of their top-bracket salaries in taxes. Under the sale, which rated as a capital gain, they had to pay only 25 percent.

Even more profitable—and costlier to the honest taxpayers—are the industrial and utility corporation corner-



DRAWINGS BY BILL DOVE

ers. Perhaps you own a few shares of stock. Yearly you get your modest dividend—if the business shows a profit. But there are others who, by legal manipulations, are able to secure control of vast companies merely by obtaining a small percentage of the outstanding total stock. Their reward does not come in taxable wages or ordinary dividends. Instead, using their control, they are often able to get large orders placed with supplying companies which they own outright. Then, through these networks of secondary concerns whose profits are held for declaration as capital gains, they clean up while the others are forced to wait.

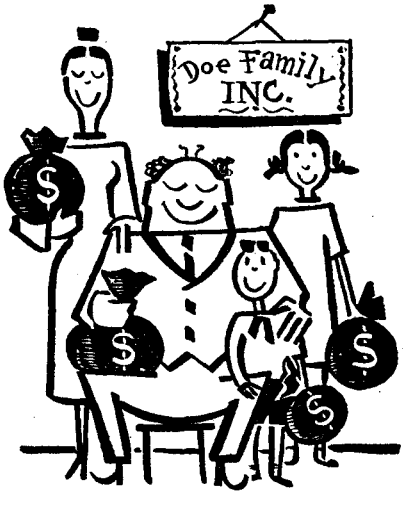
In a Midwestern state I came across an industrialist who has perfected the idea. He heads a publicly owned manufacturing concern in which his actual investment is comparatively modest. Frequently he boasts: "I draw almost no salary." Small wonder. His manufacturing company buys all its supplies from an organization which he and his family own 100-percent. It gets its secretarial help from another company he owns; its engineering and designing aid from still a third; certain of its raw materials from a fourth. Anything lucrative is thrown his way. Anything which loses is passed along to others. Since he can decide where to buy what, there is little incentive to cut expenses.

The major, publicly owned corporation has paid no dividends to its public stockholders since its inception. The lesser, privately owned firms are doing handsomely. And under present laws, subsidiary companies can get the advantage of more favorable tax rates and can apply purchases and sales among themselves to create profits and losses.

Another typical large firm rents factory and store space to its favored little brother. The major company, which is owned by stockholders, has made little profit, while the privately owned small outfit, with the high-rent real estate, is able to pile up capital gains.

Moreover, loopholes also permit many companies to salt away all kinds of profits as reserves—to be declared when their tax situation becomes more favorable. "When this happens," a Treasury man asserted, "it's usually done to favor the large stockholder, who doesn't have to worry about getting his quarterly or semi-annual dividend and can afford to wait an unlimited time. The little investor, needing the money, may be squeezed out. But one characteristic of the legal tax dodger is that if Regulation XYZ says he can get away with it, the morality of the thing doesn't affect him in the slightest."

The family partnership has become a popular method of holding down taxable profits to a minimum and



passing the tax bill along. To get away with this, a man sets up a partnership with his wife, sons, daughters and other close relatives. Partnerships, unlike corporations, do not pay a tax—only the partners pay. The partners, however, get personal exemptions and all the standard deductions on their income taxes. Furthermore, each partner can, for tax purposes, "deduct, on his own individual return, his share of the partnership's credit for interest obligations, credit for taxes paid on bonds, credit for taxes paid to foreign countries or possessions."

"The law okays legitimate partnerships," Treasury authorities say. "But it doesn't allow phonies or dummies. However, there simply aren't enough agents to check fully. And the legal loopholes are so big that many get away with it for years."

Even better off are the organiza-

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tions that operate on a tax-free basis. Farmers' coöperatives, mutual savings banks, mutual insurance companies, building and loan associations and charitable, educational and religious organizations pay no income taxes at all, despite the fact that they operate in direct competition with private individuals and firms.

In the last few years, an increasing number of such groups—notably schools and colleges, fraternal organizations, etc., have entered into deals whereby corporations have sold them office buildings, factories, garages and other structures. The commercial businesses have then signed long-term leases at rentals substantially less than the interest they would have to pay on an equal investment. And the schools, colleges, fraternal and other organizations, not being required to pay the same taxes, have also benefited—with the extra burden going to the average taxpayer unable to make such gainful arrangements.

"The Treasury Department doesn't propose that all these groups be swept into the income-tax category by one over-all piece of legislation," a ranking expert stated. "Yet, considering that other organizations and business groups must come across, the picture certainly needs adjustment."

Our present laws are also extremely loose in dealing with Americans who work abroad. I learned in South America that one can establish residence abroad for a year—and not pay Uncle Sam a cent. Usually a person can get away with paying little or no tax to the country in which he lives.

The loophole finders have also discovered that they can make lots of tax-free profit in foreign exchange. If they borrow Argentine pesos worth $10,000 from a foreign bank, and then, when the value drops, buy the same number of pesos for $6,000 and repay the loan, the money they have made on the transaction is not taxable.

Compared to these methods, various devices to charge off personal expenses to business may seem small change. Internal Revenue officials have a different idea. "While individually less," several said, "they are often as great when totaled up. And they're far harder to detect."

I got a good idea of what they meant while touring Florida last season. Dozens of businessmen who would never dream of keeping an ace

up their sleeve in a poker game, openly boasted: "I just report that I've gone to Florida to make contacts and meet customers and the whole trip is charged off as a business expense."

To make it seem legitimate, a number of industries hold their conventions in Florida or California at a good time for vacations. Parties, theatre tickets, dinners at expensive restaurants and cars with chauffeurs are all charged off by the loophole users as "entertainment to persuade buyers to buy or sellers to sell." One authority said: "The very shortage of agents noted previously makes it extremely difficult to catch all the cases. Furthermore, many who realize they'll be called to account, deliberately record twice what they believe the government will accept as legitimate, so that they can eventually make a favorable settlement.

"Even if the tax authorities disallow the claim, all that can happen—aside from outright, deliberate fraud, which is another story—is that the expense-account chiseler will have to pay up the taxes, plus six-percent interest for each year from the time the amount is due until Uncle Sam collects."

These loopholes—and the conditions they have created—are well-known to US tax officials. In their judgment five steps are necessary to correct this unjust situation:

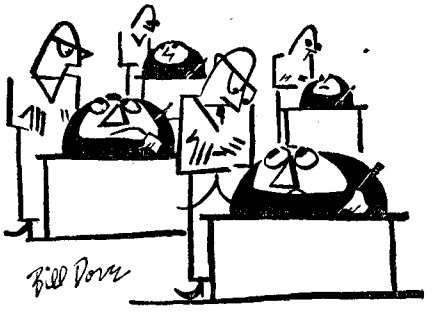
¶ Our tax laws must be revised to eliminate the loopholes and inequalities. While it is true that some individuals and corporations are entitled to greater deductions than others, the law as it now stands aids the tax dodgers.

¶ Tax laws must also be simplified so that taxpayers who observe both the spirit and the letter of the law will be less likely to make honest mistakes. The government then will have a better opportunity to check those who try to avoid paying a fair tax.

¶ The capital-gains loophole must be sealed tight.

¶ Laws must be changed to penalize those who fail to pay legitimate taxes, instead of, as now, allowing them to get off with a light fine in the form of interest charges. Thus there would be less temptation to take a chance on beating the Treasury.

¶ The Treasury and Internal Revenue Departments need an adequate enforcement staff, which means a budget sufficient to provide enough employees



to check returns effectively and keep up with the case load.

According to one authority, an investment of $10 million in extra personnel would net almost $1 billion in taxes which now go uncollected. This would mean that the tax bill for you, the honest taxpayer, could be cut. And the tax burden would be put where it belongs, on those who deserve and can afford to pay.

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THE FINE ARTS

PUBLIC MASK AND PRIVATE SORROWS

by Lincoln Kirstein

MORE THAN BOOKS, or private galleries, museums reveal the face of art to most of us. In New York, there are many museums in addition to the Metropolitan, the largest collection of art objects in the Western Hemisphere. If one wants an over-all view of what man's hand has made to compete with time, it can be found, if not under one roof, at least in New York City as a whole. Side trips can be made to the Museum of Natural History for Oceanic, Pre-Columbian and Negro Art; to the Museum of Modern Art for all arts since 1900; the Whitney and Brooklyn Museums for American Art; the Frick for Fragonard, Bellini and Ingres; the Cooper Union for decorative art; the list could be indefinitely prolonged toward specialization.

In smaller towns, a single museum serves not only as local repository for cultural monuments but also as a community center; it presents film, music and drama, aids industry and social welfare. The task of provincial museums, while not easy, is simpler than the grandiose responsibility of the Metropolitan. The ability of many American museums to provide whole areas with first-hand experience of great art is phenomenal. Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, Hartford, Baltimore, Worcester, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis and many other cities have incredibly rich collections, to say nothing of the strength of the young National Gallery in Washington.

The efficiency of smaller museums seldom comes under public attack. There may be inner stresses, but nothing to compare with the onslaught launched against such a focal structure as New York's Metropolitan. The museum in a small town is its own virtual dictator. In New York, the Metropolitan is a dictator fending off revolt by satellites. Recent criticism has reached a pitch of fury, specifically a lurid *viva voce* attack on its director, Francis Henry Taylor, by James Rosenberg, an attorney and part-time painter.

The Metropolitan accepts the grand obligation to make legible to public and students the entire history of art. Indeed, the pressure of its riches forces the obligation upon it. But while advanced techniques of installation are easily achieved in smaller museums, replanning the elephantine fabric of the Met so that it can get on with its job is no simple problem. Given a house of Cyclopean construction, the majority of whose vast chambers are unsuited to the placement or lighting of works conceived on a human scale; given a maintenance budget that is annually inadequate to the most pressing needs, it is not remarkable that the Met, for all its splendid booty, seems the most frustrating and gloomy of treasure houses. With this apology made, the fact remains: one emerges far happier from other museums.

If we forgive the present confusion at the Met caused by renovations of the roof; if we realize that the Greek and Roman wing is set for early relocation; if we recognize that ingenious experiments in lighting, already accomplished, have not yet been applied, at the same time we must also admit that for nearly twenty years we have been offered, if not the same excuses, then similar ones. When did we last come out of the Metropolitan satisfied, except after quick visits to isolated sections? The National Gallery in Washington is, in spite of its mass, refreshing; its rooms are small and useful, the lights good. True, it was built recently as a unit. But the Boston Museum, conceived piecemeal, gratifies as a whole; so do Chicago and many European museums.

The physical ills of the Met are echoed, in the mind of the public, by an almost total improvisation in policy. It has appeared as if lunging about, like a predatory octopus; when frustrated in attempts to swallow smaller museums (Brooklyn, the Whitney, or even the Museum of Modern Art), it gives out gasps of vague but indignant and energetic greed. The public face of the Met is not pleasant; it is this face that so many of us feel fair game for attack. Under its graceless public mask are private sorrows.

A museum is born, grows and must be maintained like a promising child. If the baby has rich, indulgent parents, it must be watched lest it turn into a monster. In the beginning (and all American museums are comparatively

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This department will investigate ideas surrounding the presentation and manipulation of works of art: museum policy, installation, the mechanics of accession, the formation of collections, museum publications, as well as specific museums throughout the nation. It will also discuss ideas on painting, sculpture and graphic arts as suggested by current exhibits, new talents or retrospective shows of older ones. There may be infrequent comment on teaching methods, art schools and books. An attempt will be made to serve not only New York but the rich rest of America. There is a great deal of art journalism in the daily press and the magazines; this column will try to avoid duplication. It cannot hope to cover a multitude of occasions that merit mention. Emphasis will be on general questions illuminated by particular events.

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young), there is usually a single, ambitious founder. The trustees collected about him as a token for public interests are only rarely as devoted as he. After his death, another, perhaps two or three, takes over the ultimate responsibility. In New York, history has given us General Cesnola, then J. P. Morgan, then George Blumenthal. Without private patronage, without their passionate if limited interests, the city would have no eminence in its big collections. Now, we are in debt to John D. Rockefeller Jr. for the magnificence of the Cloisters.

An older generation of such patrons has passed; yet their dead hand remains. Not only did they leave fixed funds, but at the beginning they left restricted collections (like the Altman bulk, so hard to integrate into the chronology of the Met). Not only did they give superb objects, but they also prevented the development of many other departments which would have now resulted in more balanced general collections. The elder Morgan was uninterested in American Primitives; Blumenthal had no love for pre-Columbian Art; Jules Bache cared nothing for the post-Impressionists. In museums there are always the hazards of missed opportunities (the great Oppenheimer drawings; Otto Kahn's Carpaccio, John Quinn's Seurat); only curators know how bitterly their suggestions may be opposed by the very collectors they must court.

As important as building a museum collection is creating its staff. Curators are unknown to the general public, but it is by their devotion, patience, humility and humiliations that what one sees is seen at all. In an organization like the Metropolitan, there are many capable curators, some preëminent. But one of the irrefutable weaknesses of its central direction is that collective curatorial intelligence has been so rarely sought, that recent additions have been made as much on the basis of engaging compromise as on absolute superiority in their field.

The reason for this is not hard to find. The Metropolitan is so enormous, so unwieldy, that the mere material nourishment it needs to keep itself open almost exhausts the executive bureaucracy. In our world it is always muscle over mind. The Metropolitan must justify its existence in a municipality which gives it important aid and to a public upon whom it must increasingly call for support—for the age of Morgan is blessedly over. Hence, side shows must be invented; programs of socio-industrial development; television, films, popularizing or vulgarizing tricks, which may directly or indirectly benefit or justify basic running expenses. Meanwhile, curatorial departments regard this peripheral activity as a waste of time and money, at their expense; they see with ill-disguised resignation gaps in collections widen, the whole plan accelerate its inevitable imbalance.

It is to be hoped that eventually, in New York, a general over-all plan can be worked out which will not only prevent duplication in function of its many specialized museums, but will also facilitate important loans. Such an integration has been proposed in the past; so far they have all, like the recent interrupted tripartite pact among the Met, Whitney and Museum of Modern Art, come to little. This has been due perhaps to the inert weight of the Metropolitan, whose direction has always tried directly or indirectly to foster the notion that one central agency, digesting or at least controlling all others, would be better (even cheaper). The contrary is the proved case, for independent, small, specialized centers work harmoniously with curators who are in sympathy with responsible trustees. Indeed this has been true within the Met itself, as in the case of the Cloisters, which, while physically apart, seems controlled loosely and elastically in an almost ideal situation.

Recent attacks against the Metropolitan are to the good. They help awaken us all to the frightening problems of a museum, and to prepare us all to take over ultimate responsibility from early founder-patron or intermediate trustee. The central direction of the Met has been muscular or visceral rather than cerebral; but this over-muscular dynamism is only a reflection of its growing pains. There is nothing to hinder it from being, with thought, a complete record of human magnificence, for its riches are unparalleled, its possibilities for service unlimited. But thought, since it costs time, is more expensive than blind energy, blind acquisitiveness, or blind rage. It costs even more than painting and sculpture; so far it has been the rarest exhibit at Eighty-first Street and Fifth Avenue.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

TALMUD TO MILL

A DREAMER'S JOURNEY: The Autobiography of Morris Raphael Cohen. Edited by Felix S. Cohen (The Beacon Press; $4).

STUDIES IN PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE, by Morris R. Cohen (Henry Holt; $4.50).

THERE ARE MEN who loom important in the history of thought not so much for the intrinsic power of their ideas as for what they symbolize to their younger contemporaries. Socrates, the symbol of questioning and virtue, thus outlasts any of his ideas. And Morris R. Cohen's influence upon a generation of students was not dissimilar.

A combination of circumstances contributed to Cohen's unique role in American intellectual life. His thousands of students were drawn largely from Jewish families of the working and lower middle class. In those days, the City College of New York offered few worthwhile courses in the social sciences, and many of its faculty looked down upon the students for social and racial reasons. Against this dispiriting background there was Cohen, whom the students saw as one of themselves,

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whose foreign accent was even as their parents', and who seemed despite all obstacles to have pried open the doors to the sacred world of science and scholarship.

Of all his books, Cohen's autobiography will probably be read the longest. As a philosopher, his thinking lacked the intensity that yields achievements of the first order, and his learning was more bibliographic than profound. But behind the man's ideas, there were his experiences, and these called for a statement to the world, even when his own capacities faltered.

Cohen was born in 1880 in the Russian city of Minsk. As the son of an impoverished presser, "hunger was our fairly steady companion." It was a childhood without games, and the unjust whippings of his Hebrew teachers and grandfather led the young Talmudic student to contemplate suicide. His family struggled to eke out its living under the corrupt Czarist bureaucracy; it devised means to keep its sons from military service. The Gentiles, illiterate former serfs, were generally regarded by the Jewish community as an inferior race. In 1892, young Morris, his mother and sister finally left Russia by the customary underground methods to join the father in America.

The turbulent life on the East Side and in Brownsville brought with it the usual incidents of Americanization. Gangs of Gentile boys attacked Cohen with yells of "sheeny," and he describes how his father, coming home after one such incident on a Sabbath evening, broke down after *Kiddush* and wept. While his mother struggled to keep the family going with a soda fountain on Staunton Street, Cohen was able to go through public school and enter City College.

Cohen's education came primarily from outside the college walls, from those clubs and societies with which the immigrant Jewish generation sought to enter into American culture. There were many such on the East Side, generally named after some great writer. The Byrant Literary Society thus took up such time as Cohen could spare from working at his brother's pool room on Houston Street. In 1897, he was meeting with the Marx Circle, and working in Daniel De Leon's campaign for election to the assembly on the Socialist Labor ticket. And it was at the meetings of the Comte Synthetic Circle in 1898 that he met his future wife, Mary Ryshpan.

The Jewish homes of the East Side were split in a conflict between the orthodoxy of the older generation and the radicalism of the younger. It was fortunate that sustenance came to Cohen's spirit from a chance source. In 1898, Cohen went as a Marxian to heckle Thomas Davidson when he lectured at the Educational Alliance. The encounter with that strange, wandering philosopher led to a close personal friendship. Davidson fired Cohen's imagination with the dream of a philosophic synthesis that would do for our century what Diderot and d'Alembert did for the eighteenth. For a while, Cohen's Marxist loyalties led to an estrangement with Davidson, but this was overcome by their mutual affection. When Davidson died in 1900, Cohen and his friends founded the Breadwinners' College to perpetuate his efforts on behalf of the education of the working class. The school, a pioneer in adult education, lasted until 1917.

The financial assistance of Felix Adler and the Ethical Society enabled Cohen to undertake graduate work at Harvard. He roomed with Felix Frankfurter, studied under James and Royce, and developed his interest in the philosophy of law. He began to teach philosophy in 1912, after having spent several years in the mathematics department, and continued in the City College department of philosophy for the next 25 years. He had serious defects as a teacher. His childhood experiences had predisposed him to teaching methods which he describes as resembling those of a drill sergeant, and he mellowed only under the gentle influence of his chairman, Harry Overstreet. One student, however, as Cohen tells, spoke for many when he remarked: "Justice Holmes said he envied the youth who sit at your feet. It is evident that he never took a course with you."

The essence of liberalism was to Cohen's mind identical with the scientific spirit. Liberalism had an open eye for new possibilities, and it was always self-corrective, never committed to certainties that were beyond argument and experiment. His criticism of John Dewey was that the latter embedded liberalism in an anthropocentric, non-scientific account of reality. Cohen's liberalism was indeed essentially identical with that of John Stuart Mill. It is a philosophy whose foundations are sound, for wisdom begins with the abandonment of absolute truths. But it is a beginning only, and each age must reconstruct its liberal philosophy to enable it to cope with its moral and political problems. Mill, in classic words, had defined "the social problem of the future" as being "how to unite the greatest individual liberty of action with a common ownership in the raw material of the globe, and an equal participation of all in the benefits of combined labor." To solve this problem philosophic liberalism must enlist all the resources of psychological insight and economic understanding. And it was at this point that Cohen's vision became exhausted. He distrusted "modern" ideas, and disavowed such instruments as Freudian theory and social psychology. Consequently his studies in ethics and social philosophy ended with preliminary distinctions, and he had nothing to say on the problem of human freedom in modern social organization.

Talmudic resistances seemed especially operative in Cohen's rejection of Freudian theory. "The tragedy of frustrated children," he wrote, "is all bunk, if I may judge by my own experience. My grandfather beat me unmercifully and unjustly and humiliated me beyond measure; yet I loved him." The defeatist elements in his own character point to a contrary conclusion. Cohen set himself rigorously against the methods which others were using to explore the workings of unreason in human history and law. He could adapt himself to novel experiences only with

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considerable difficulty. He saw only one movie in his lifetime, a film on Einstein's theory, which he was paid $100 to review.

The impact of the Nazi assault on liberalism turned Cohen toward a renewed interest in Jewish affairs. In 1919, he had rejected Zionism as a form of tribalism in an article written for the *New Republic*. Later experience led him to retract much of his criticism, although he was still worried whether the Jewish state would be founded on democracy and a bill of rights for men of all races. At best, he felt that Zionism was a distraction from the genuine problems of American Jews. Cohen held, however, that anti-Semitism is "a symptom of a deeply irrational trait in human nature, known of old as xenophobia, that is, the aversion to the stranger or to anyone who is different from ourselves." In the light of this analysis, it is difficult to see how he could justify the antagonism to Zionism. For Zionism could well claim to be the liberal answer of those who dare not overestimate the rational capacities of human nature. The advocacy of liberalism is a necessity for those whom the instabilities of the social order may at any moment designate as candidates for scapegoats, but one wonders if liberalism can justly require that the Jews abjure nationalism and continue to allow their personalities to be affected as Cohen's was by a hostile environment.

It was during the twenties that Cohen's philosophy fulfilled its function as a reproach to the dominant traits of American civilization. He rejected the monetary values which were disguised "by a gospel of strenuous but aimless perpetual motion" and announced himself as seemingly satisfied with "purely contemplative surveys of existence." He sought to counteract "the insurgence against reason," and he noted, years before Hitler's advent, that "from Moscow to the Mediterranean there reigns a pathetic faith in salvation through brutality." Cohen long hoped to write a system of naturalistic metaphysics, but his actual work took the form largely of incidental essays and book reviews. Some of these are collected in the *Studies in Philosophy and Science*, which includes his critical essays on Bacon's inductive method and Dewey's pragmatism. These empirical philosophies seemed to Cohen to misuse "experience" and to underestimate the significance of logic.

It was this high evaluation of reason which communicated itself from Cohen to his students and contemporaries. He was saddened in later years that his favorite students took to the empiricist heresy and renounced aspirations toward a metaphysic. But he felt, at the end of his life, that he had transmitted to them his own conception of the high calling of reason.

"The promise of American life," Cohen wrote, "is the promise of freedom for the development of human energy, liberated by free education and the abolition of hereditary class distinctions." Of Cohen's contribution toward realizing this promise, we may say, as he did of Davidson, that "the work which he had started with the boys and girls of the East Side of New York would live and grow; its roots were planted deep in the ground of human needs, and it would draw strength from the light of heaven."

LEWIS S. FEUER

Lewis S. Feuer, a former student of Morris R. Cohen's, is assistant professor of philosophy at Vassar College. He spent last summer in Israel studying communal settlements.

THE HARLEM STORY

DUKE, by Hal Ellson (Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.75).

THIS NOVEL is a spare and appalling account of a summer in the life of Duke, a fifteen-year-old Negro boy who, with his parents and older brother, lives in a Harlem walkup. His family enters the story only peripherally; Duke leads his own life. His home is a place to keep his jazz records and his sharp clothes, and to sleep.

Duke's vocation is acting as delivery boy for a retailer of marijuana. And partly because "Everybody has to belong or get his head busted in. There's nobody around that ain't in a clique"—he is the enterprising leader of a gang of fellow delinquents, the Mighty Counts. The gang's principal activity is launching wars, fought with guns and knives, against similar gangs in other sections of Harlem. The Mighty Counts do not belong to any Boy Scout troop; they don't play handball.

Outwardly, Duke is more or less adjusted to his situation. He eludes detectives who try to trace him to his source of marijuana, acts as a pimp, and even, with the help of his gang, sets up his own whorehouse. However, he is subject to fits of depression brought on by a number of acute pressures, psychological as well as social. He has a castration complex and an incipient paranoia.

Most of Duke's doubts and anxieties seem to have their origin in the fact of his adolescence; but, set in the brutally anti-social context of his life, they manifest themselves in grotesque and —although the author seldom so exploits them—occasionally touching ways.

At the book's end, Duke, lying wounded on a doorstep, feels that his hallucinations are behind him, his doubts resolved, that from now on he has nothing to lose. "I felt good and easy cause there wasn't nobody pushing me no more." His connection with the death of the boy he has just killed cannot be proved. "They can try beating it out of me, but they got to beat me to death first, and then I won't talk."

The author has drawn his material from interviews with juvenile delinquents, with whom he has worked as a recreational therapist. He has chosen to tell his story in the first person, through the eyes of Duke himself. This device is unfortunate, perhaps because it is so deliberately and, in a surface way, honestly adhered to. Duke is not especially articulate, and the vague, cryptic slang euphemisms he uses to describe his own emotional states lack the particularity which would enable us to be more genuinely moved by his situation. There is a composite, case-history ring to much of the novel; a curiously academic, depersonalized

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quality about Duke's participation in most of his activities. Even his introspection is pervaded with a numbness, a sense of going through the motions. He doesn't really hate anyone, or love anyone. He observes the forms, though. He kills, he fornicates. But the pathos and tragedy inherent in this contradiction, in the spectacle of a lonely child living by the gangster's code, never really emerges. The author seems to have relied too heavily on the verbalizations of the juvenile delinquents with whom he has worked, and not to have bridged the gap that lies between such revelations and the actual stream of consciousness—and of conscience.

Nonetheless, even as only a surface record of a life in which dope and beatings and robbery are commonplaces, and all policemen natural enemies, it is a shocking book.

KNOX BURGER

Knox Burger, former Yank correspondent, is now Associate Fiction Editor of Collier's.

ONE OF THE SURVIVORS

FROM DAY TO DAY, by Odd Nansen (G. P. Putnam's Sons; $5).

THIS BOOK is extraordinary on several levels. It is the personal testament of a remarkable man and, at the same time, the best realization that I have seen, in either print or film, of the ultimate horror and end product of our civilization: the Nazi concentration camps. Finally, it is a statement of faith in the power of the individual. It might well be put into the hands of every person who can read in every country in the world as part of our universal postwar reëducation.

Odd Nansen, son of the famous explorer and humanitarian and himself a prominent architect, was arrested by the Germans on January 13, 1942, and sent to a concentration camp in Norway as a hostage for the Norwegian royal family, which had fled the country. He was in no sense a political man, but he was held after most of the hostages had been released because of his stubborn "unsusceptibility" to Nazi ideas and because of his continued sympathy for the Norwegian Jews who passed through the camp on their way to the gas chambers of Auschwitz. He did a brief stint in a labor camp in the north before he was transported, late in 1943, to Sachsenhausen camp in Germany. Just before the end of the war he was sent to the former extermination camp of Neuengamme, outside Hamburg. There he was ultimately rescued, along with the other Norwegian and Danish prisoners, by the Swedish Red Cross.

Throughout his imprisonment he kept a diary, smuggling sections of it out to his wife while he was in Norway, hiding the later portions when he was in Germany. He kept it first to relieve the tedium of prison life, afterwards as an outlet to preserve his sanity in an insane setting. His book is not the record of a shattering experience recollected in tranquillity and turned into a work of art, but the experience itself set down on bits of paper while it was going on.

Nansen's own quick, broad and compassionate personality shines through every page of the record, lifting it above the realm of a mere exposé. There is not a single word of self-pity in the entire 485 pages, not a single reference that suggests that he ever regarded himself as a martyr, a hero or even an especially brave man. Instead there is tremendous sympathy and understanding, extending sometimes even to the young German guards in Norway, moments of great, unconscious charm or poignancy, and touches of splendid, unexpected humor at the times when Nansen had to find something at which to laugh.

During the easier periods in the Norwegian camp, Nansen enjoyed pitting his ingenuity against the Nazis. His entry for July 22, 1943, reads:

> Have begun work on a propaganda poster for the extirpation of lice. A poster against lice can serve two purposes. An inscription like "Cleanse your land of lice" or merely "Away with the lice" will be impossible to misunderstand.

Because there are a number of passages like this in the early sections of the book, the impact of the German camps on Nansen becomes the more terrible. Many of the tortures he describes are now familiar, but reading them here makes a difference. This, one is constantly aware, is the way it actually felt to be in such a camp. This is the way one reacted to these things when one was part of them. These are the thoughts one had when one was alone.

Nansen has not glossed over the most dreadful aspect of the camps: the total dehumanizing and demoralizing (in the literal sense) of the prisoners. Even in Norway he watched, appalled, as anti-Semitism spread from the guards to the inmates. In Germany he saw Norwegians set themselves above the other prisoners because the Germans considered them "Teutonic," and therefore of a higher race, and because they received food packages from Sweden and Denmark (which they savagely hoarded and denied to the starving or traded at terrific gain to themselves).

The same racism, class feeling and nationalism went straight through the camp, splitting it into numerous bitter, hateful little cliques with the Jews, Poles and Ukrainians at the bottom and the Norwegians at the top.

Suffering such as the Nazis inflicted, Nansen realized, does not make men brave and heroic, but depraved and selfish, and he came to hate some of his compatriots almost as much as the SS men.

But Nansen's own humanity won out over the whole experience. So did that of even some of the Jews, Poles and Russians he came to know, whose position was so much worse than his own. It is this that gives his diary a hopeful and even a triumphant note.

> One has a hard struggle [he wrote in April, 1945] to preserve one's faith in mankind, and it's the individuals, not the masses, who save it.
>
> But when darkness comes, and night sinks down over all the suffering and wretchedness, then the masses split up and become individuals, each whispering in the dark a beloved name.

This is Nansen's message for which his whole book serves as documenta-

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tion. The alternative to the concentration camps, which grew out of the principles our entire civilization has followed, lies in the human spirit, and the responsibility for the future rests with each one of us.

To the individuals among us who say that they cannot bear to read another harrowing account of the camps, Nansen has an answer in his postscript, written in 1948, after a trip through Europe:

> The whole world seems to have become a *Vernichtungslager* [concentration camp] . . . and we have already reached the stage where the sole problem for the individual seems to be to feather his nest and try to keep his head above water as long as possible. . . . What happened was worse than you have any idea of. And it was the indifference of mankind that let it take place.

ANNE L. GOODMAN

FAITH IN NEWMAN

APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA, A GRAMMAR OF ASSENT, THE IDEA OF A UNIVERSITY, ESSAYS AND SKETCHES (3 vols.), SERMONS AND DISCOURSES (2 vols.), by John Henry Newman. Edited by Charles Frederick Harrold (Longmans, Green and Company; $3.50 each).

EVER SINCE Cardinal Newman's lifetime, his writings have been available in a famous 40-volume edition by Longmans, but the entire stock of that edition was destroyed in the bombing of London. Listed above are the first titles to be issued in a new edition. Limited to some 20 volumes and containing useful introductory essays as well as valuable appendices, this serves as a critical edition, establishing what the student or general reader should find of interest and importance in Newman's work.

Whatever their destination, the student and general reader meet, in this case, at a common starting point: the person of Newman himself. It is one of the most fascinating (and not the least familiar) figures of the nineteenth century. A young American priest and fellow at Oxford, he instituted with a small group of friends what soon developed into nothing less than a proposed reformation of the Established Church.

When the Oxford Movement began in 1833, the English clergy were for the most part a comfortable, conservative lot, secular officers of an ecclesiastical business rather than consecrated ministers of Christ's gospel. It was these men whom Newman and his friends recalled to the ancient doctrines, usages and fervor of the Universal Church. One may imagine the consternation or blank incomprehension that greeted Newman's claim (in an early sermon) that "it would be a gain to the country were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion than at present it shows itself to be." And we may enjoy an ironic comedy in the first of the "Tracts for the Times" where Newman says of the English bishops: "We could not wish them a more blessed termination of their course, than the spoiling of their goods and martyrdom."

But the amusement is wholly in retrospect; words like these announced a new religious age which meant, at least, an age in which religion was a public question and in which there was no more notable or controversial figure than John Henry Newman. For hundreds of his followers, "Credo in Newmannum" was an article of faith. One of his critics expressed the common opinion that he was the "most dangerous man in the country," while Thomas Carlyle estimated that he possessed "the intellect of a moderate-sized rabbit." It is a perpetually interesting story and contained implicitly in many of Newman's writings, but it is not just the hero of that story who confronts the reader of these books.

Newman was a religious genius rare in the history of the Church: his remarkable powers were wholly absorbed in his religious experience. Central in that experience was his conviction of two self-evident beings: God and himself, and in so far as his work and affiliations were but manifestations of that conviction, his writings are personal and autobiographical. In the Oxford Movement, for example, Newman's work was dictated by his personal concept of his church, and what he hoped to establish in his investigations of antiquity (notably in the early Christian Fathers) was the original and precedent for that concept. He did, in fact, discover in Patristic literature a model of conduct, an ideal of sanctity and a test for dogma, but when he sought a contemporary parallel to the Church of the Fathers he professed to find it not in his own communion but (however overlaid with devotional and doctrinal accretions) in the Church of Rome. So it was not from "the desire for a firmer ground of religious certitude, and a clearer view of revealed truth" that he abandoned Oxford for Rome. It was simply that he wished to be in that church which embodied the truths he already affirmed.

The nineteenth century was a time of conflict between the claims of the physical sciences and those of revealed religion. Newman's stature in that time and conflict derived from his radical belief in, and insistence on, the spiritual order and the authority of the Church. That is not to say that he was significant as loudest among the last gasps of reaction, or that he lined up with bigotry, superstition and blind authority against the Enlightenment. There are, of course, ways in which he is certainly not "modern," and he may be censured for these by an age which demands from everyone pronouncements on everything. There was in Newman an indifference or a temperamental antipathy to certain scientific and political innovations. ("Progress," he remarked, "is a slang term.") But that in a man which is typical of his time may be irrelevant to posterity.

Newman was a religious thinker, which means that he found in his religious beliefs an adequate context for his intelligence, but not that his intelligence was limited in its operation to religious questions. He had, for example, a nose for heresy, but he could penetrate in it beyond doctrinal deviation to the temper of an age. And in his opposition to the materialistic spirit of his time he made essential dis-

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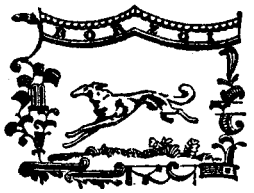

Minority group relations in the United States

AMERICA DIVIDED

by Arnold and Caroline Rose

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

A challenging survey of racial, religious, and national minorities; their political, economic, and social position in American life today, the hatreds that divide them, the discriminations they suffer.

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—HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD, *Saturday Review of Literature*

"A timely guide to enlightenment . . . distilled into easily understood prose . . . the reader emerges a more thoughtful person who is perhaps willing to take some action." —*Philadelphia Inquirer*

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tinctions which anticipated the reaction of our own day, and which will remain the basis at any time for opposition to the philosophy of materialism.

It is as a religious thinker that Newman has a strong attraction today. But his appeal will always be a personal one to sympathetic minds; the revived interest in Scholasticism, for example, has been of no service to his reputation. He was no metaphysician. As the Abbé Bremond has said of him, "All that which is purely intellectual and systematic had never in his eyes more than an accessory value. His true life is entirely moral, and his successive doctrines are always, so to speak, a function of the conscience." The *matter* of his work was the sum of Christian doctrine; his office was that of "advocate" and his means were preeminently those of the rhetorician.

Newman even demands a prior assent from his reader, for it was his view that it is as impossible to argue a man into truth as it is to torture him into it. I don't mean, of course, an assent to the particulars of Newman's teaching, but as the impulse of his work was his personal religious experience, those who would read Newman with more than a detached curiosity must accord that experience a measure of respect and sympathy. That granted, there is no more beguiling apologist than Newman. His appeal and his method are contained in the motto he chose when created a cardinal in 1879: *Cor ad cor loquitur*—heart speaks to heart.

JOHN FARRELLY

ON THE AIR: Show Business

SOMETHING LIKE the old order has returned to Sunday-night radio; NBC has a full hour of comedy again between eight and nine o'clock. Filling the rest of that period, and following Fred Allen, is Henry Morgan.

Three seasons and a trio of saddened sponsors after his debut on the ABC network, Morgan has come back in glory. NBC, putting its best foot forward, gave him for announcer the ubiquitous and multi-talented Ben Grauer. For music-master, Milton Katims was brought in—he's the man who conducts the music on "The Eternal Light," a program at the opposite pole. For stooge there was Arnold Stang, as wistful a butt as the air has ever had. There were songs by Lisa Kirk and Red Ingle. Finally, the "sponsor" of the program appeared as the guest, a device which allows Morgan to engage in his traditional spoofing of the man who pays the bills. The make-believe magnate was none other than Fred Allen.

Some of the japes Morgan used on the opener were ones he had made too familiar when he was on ABC, but the repartee at least showed that Morgan's tongue is as sharp as it was when he sold razor blades two years ago. Whether NBC will let him exercise that cutting edge on a real sponsor will be decided when, and if, one comes along. CBS's successful talent raids may have loosened some of NBC's inhibitions.

Those forays continue. "Ozzie and Harriet," a delightful family-comedy team, has switched back to CBS after deserting it for a trial run on NBC. But when "Ozzie and Harriet" returns to its old stand, Sundays at 6:30, on April 3, NBC will bring out something new. That will be the Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis program, which sounded young, fresh and unspoiled on an early audition recording a couple of months ago.

Not all of NBC's eggs are planted in the comedy basket. The network has just taken "Theatre Guild on the Air" away from ABC, and will use it as part of the campaign to rebuild its Sunday-night radio schedule by next season. But comedy is still the big hope. Fred Allen is now reconsidering his retirement plans and may wind up with 15 minutes of fast ad-libbing over NBC's radio hook-up every week-

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day night next year. Morgan is already set for a quarter-hour, 7:30 to 7:45, Mondays through Fridays, on NBC-TV.

Stang, not to be outdone by his boss, will have his own video program, on ABC-TV, Tuesday nights at nine beginning March 22. There is no comedian of the dry, semi-pathetic underdog type—with the exception of CBS's Robert Q. Lewis—whom I'd rather see on the home screen than the Chaplinesque Stang.

I have just been reading over some of the speeches made last spring at the eighteenth annual Institute for Education by Radio, a long weekend staged every year under the auspices of Ohio State University at Columbus. The proceedings of the last Institute are now available in book form, *Education on the Air: 1948* (the Ohio State University Press; $3.50).

One spring night in 1948, Dean A. Myers, radio editor of the Columbus *Dispatch,* the late Robert S. Stephan, of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer,* and I undertook a brief evaluation of the radio scene as it appeared to us exactly a year ago. Addressing an assembly of about 1,000 persons almost equally divided between the non-profit educational broadcast entrepreneurs and their commercial brothers, we tried to be fair to both groups. Seeing our speeches in print makes me think we were too gentle to the latter.

However, Myers did point out that radio devotes between 75 and 80 percent of its total schedule to entertainment, most of which is on the light side and "panders" to tastes "not too demanding." And Stephan, who until his tragic death only a few weeks ago was one of the keenest radio critics in the country, lectured even more sternly. Some broadcasters squirmed uncomfortably when the ultra-respectable Stephan, closer to the grass roots than any Easterner and uncontaminated by any political tint, said: "Our commercial radio system, which has developed the know-how to sell a sponsor's product, certainly should be able to do just as successful a job selling a sane peace. But in 1948 it still, apparently, hasn't convinced itself or its sponsors that the job is worthy of an all-out effort." I wonder how many commercial broadcasters will secretly miss Stephan's prodding when the Institute convenes (May 5 to 8).

Education on the Air contains 467 pages of radio (and a little television) criticism. Some of it is of the breast-beating variety, coming from broadcasters who plead *mea culpa*—hoping that no sponsor is within eavesdropping distance. Some of it is bravado, originating with successful radio people who do a decent "public-service" job themselves but want that credit to extend to their erring colleagues. But most of the papers given at Columbus, seen in cold print, shape up as trenchant reminders that radio had not yet done its full job by 1948. Those who think their local broadcaster did no better in 1949 might send him a copy of last year's Institute proceedings.

Several other departmental books have piled up. *Handbook of Radio Production* (Little, Brown; $4.50) is by Erik Barnouw, a companion volume to his earlier *Handbook of Radio Writing.* Both books are essential to anyone interested in effective use of the radio for the common weal. In his latest, Barnouw has made radio production, which affects an entire nation, seem simple and important.

Those interested in the newer me-

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. . . a liberal's liberal
MAX LERNER,
author of ACTIONS AND PASSIONS

In the lower left-hand corner of the last *Invitation to Lerner* your correspondent pinned a gentle R.S.V.P. asking for ten-word definitions of "a liberal."

Almost one hundred replies, by mail, wire, and fast courier, from all parts of the country have literally inundated THE INNER SANCTUM.

After much screening, deliberation and soul-searching, ten first-edition copies of *Actions and Passions,* with the inscriptions of Max Lerner and the compliments of the publishers, are going out as prizes to the authors of these ten definitions:

A liberal is a realist with ideals.
—BURTON R. POLLIN

An open mind trying to think its way through life. —SAUL LEVY

A liberal thinks for himself and allows others the same privilege.
—HELEN G. WALKER

A liberal is a conservative radical in the democratic republic of ideas.
—PEARL ZELLER

A liberal fears nothing but the fear of new ideas.
—REV. RICHARD L. SNYDER

In a liberal the past is not an anchor but a guide. —BERNARD R. SORKIN

A man whose mind is bold, reasonable and disciplined.
—BENJAMIN H. KIZER

A liberal believes in your right to be wrong. —MRS. GEORGE A. HAAS

Liberal: One who thinks clearly, acts justly, and lives accordingly.
—DR. E. F. KIEGER

A liberal views truth fearlessly, history objectively, and man compassionately. —MARY WINCHESTER

For the record, your correspondent adds Max Lerner's own favorite definition: *"A liberal is a man who wants both groceries and freedom."*

If each contestant, win, lose, or draw, tells a fellow-liberal, a chain-reaction may possibly develop that will have some bookstore reverberations. For it is no longer a secret that *Actions and Passions* is now on sale wherever books are sold.

In fact, your correspondent actually saw a Madison Avenue dealer "beat the gun" by selling a copy forty-eight hours before the official publication date. The proud publishers interpreted this technical infraction of the trade rules in a most liberal spirit.

—M.L.S.

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dium might look into *Television Production Problems* (McGraw-Hill; $2.50). This book, the latest in the NBC-Columbia University series, is edited by John F. Royal, one of the network's top vice-presidents and probably its ranking expert on show business. The volume covers every aspect of the new technique, ranging from the telecasting of grand opera and wrestling matches to intricate problems in the fields of science and jurisprudence.

Then there is *A Treasury of the Spoken Word* (Hermitage; $3.50), an anthology of poetry edited by Ted Cott, programming vice-president of WNEW, New York. Cott admits that most of his selections are not particularly notable, but considers them eminently "quotable." What I found entertaining were Cott's comments. With a straight face, he places Omar Khayyam as "the Dale Carnegie of his day," calls Scott's Lochinvar "Hop-along Cassidy in kilts," and designates another poem as being done "with pinpoint carbonation."

If you are curious about a station that grosses more than $2.5 million a year by being both a giant jukebox and one of the most conscientious operations in the country, skip his verse selections and look at Cott's consciously brash prose as a self-portrait of a broadcaster in travail. SAUL CARSON

science or murder?
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THEATRE: Footlight Chat Finale

JAMES ALLARDICE'S "At War with the Army" is both funny and fun. We haven't seen an old-fashioned farce of this kind for a long time, and I think it's a pity. We want our comedy more pretentious nowadays, which doesn't signify that we have grown more clever, only more tired. "At War with the Army" is a combination barracks and college-boy show in semi-vaudeville style with rough and ready gags that constitute engaging Americana—part Chic Sale and part Bill Mauldin. It has been excellently cast and ably directed by Ezra Stone. I found William Lanteau, Tad Mosel, Jerry Jarrett and Mike Kellin particularly colorful —affectionate wartime caricature come to life. Gary Merrill as a sorely tried First Sergeant holds the show together. There is about him, too, a suggestion of latent tragic power awaiting the igniting touch of the right part and the right director.

An actor's personality might be said to possess a certain weight. This means a certain degree or quality of human experience. If we think of José Ferrer's facile and amusing performance in "The Silver Whistle" and one that might have been given in the same role by Otis Skinner, we may discover something about the younger actor's limitations. The difference is not in the skill, but in the stuff of life out of which acting is made. John Barrymore was surely the first actor of our stage between 1916 and 1925, not only because of his physical endowment but because of a richness of sensibility, wit, mental force, artistic aspiration, aristocratic soul. Many actors cannot be judged as artists at all because they are composed of thin stuff.

Is not the "stuff" of the actor's nature something he is born with? To a large extent, yes. But I believe it a great mistake to leave it at that. To a great degree, the actor may be *made* (or unmade) by his social and theatrical environment. What surrounds the actor—his audience, company, playwright, general artistic influences and director—can contribute much to the measure of the actor's personality. I can think of no English-speaking actor with greater natural gifts than Alfred Lunt. Yet Lunt's achievement in the last ten years cannot be compared with that of Laurence Olivier, whose actual talent is not superior to that of the American actor. To understand this discrepancy, we must examine the environment both inside and outside the theatre to which both men belong.

Such an examination would take us far afield. But it is to be noted that no English actor achieves undisputed eminence whose repertory does not include several classic roles. To have played Chekhov, Sheridan, Sophocles and Shakespeare with distinction means more for an actor's prestige in England than the greatest acclaim in an ordinary box-office success. This in itself means that there is a constant challenge to the English actor to test himself in parts which make greater demands on his capacities than do most contemporary plays. It should be remembered, too, that to play Hotspur, Shallow, Dr. Astrov (in "Uncle Vanya"), Mr. Puff and King Oedipus actually serves to educate the actor more than a lifetime in plays like "O, Mistress Mine."

At this point I should like to stress the importance of the director. The director, as the active principal of a play's interpretation, works through all

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the elements of the theatrical medium, but primarily through the actor. Many fine individual performances are given without any assistance at all from the director; but rarely is an integrated production with a consistent interpretation by a whole cast given without a director's conscious guidance. Kingsley's "Men in White" was a well-constructed play with an interesting background, but the lofty quality given it by the Group Theatre company was not due to the excellence of its individual members but to the direction of Lee Strasberg.

The style of acting in a production is an interpretive problem which the director alone can solve. The problem is not simply a matter of taste but of meaning. What shall the play say? Is "The Dybbuk," for example, a play of quaint folk customs regarded with sentimental affection, or a play about a ritualistic world seen as a frightening phantasmagoria of the past? It may be either. The director decides which.

In 1934 I saw a Gorky play, "Igor Buletchev," in two different Moscow productions on two consecutive evenings. In one production the play was about the spiritual tragedy of a man who has come to doubt the truthfulness of everyone around him. In the second production, it was a play about the necessary decline of a magnificent representative of a class that could not share the needs and hopes of a new generation. There were very few textual variances between the two, but everything else—style of setting, characterizations, make-ups, tempo, etc.—was radically different. Gorky said both productions were "right."

Is "A Streetcar Named Desire" a play about a healthy couple almost wrecked by the intrusion of a destructively neurotic woman, or the story of a woman of fine fiber destroyed by the brutally crude attributes of her surroundings? Whether it is one or the other does not depend solely on the ability of the actors cast for either interpretation, but on the director's choice and his craftsmanship in the realization of his interpretation. A production that achieves meaning by accident is rarely of more than momentary interest.

Shakespeare seldom has significant content in our theatre—*despite Shakespeare*—because the direction of Shakespearean productions is usually little better than smooth stage management. I could not discern any sustained line of interpretation in Orson Welles's alert production of "Cæsar," but it was a memorable one, because at least two scenes—the opening with its "trouble in the town" atmosphere, and the scene in which the poet Cinna was lynched—gave the feeling of a Shakespeare play seen in a time of political ferment. Without such directorial insights and/or flashes of creative acting, true theatre cannot be said to exist.

HAROLD CLURMAN

MOVIES: Let Well Enough Alone

THE BIG NEW pictures, all in Technicolor, currently available for review on Broadway are "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," with Frank Sinatra, Esther Williams and Gene Kelly; "Little Women" again, this time with June Allyson, Margaret O'Brien and Peter Lawford; and "Mother Is a Freshman," presenting Loretta Young and Van Johnson, with Rudy Vallee's comic assistance. It seemed a reasonable assumption that anyone apt to read these pages would be glad to make his own decision on this trio of enticements without more detailed information, so I gave myself the unprecedented treat of skipping three smash hits in one week, and went to see "The Quiet One" again.

On a second viewing, with the emotional force of the picture discounted in advance, it is evident that the filming of "The Quiet One" is crude by commercial standards. The camera is often cramped, the lighting is not

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always good, the movement is sometimes awkward. But these defects contribute in a way to the impact of the picture. Or, to put it more accurately, the adjustments that would have been necessary to eliminate the flaws might well have broken the spell of what was to be shown.

Two errors of the entertainment-picture business are that it confuses realism with reality and places too high a value on technical perfection. Its practitioners think in terms of sets designed to convey atmosphere and mood; they go to infinite pains to produce a smooth and spotless flow of images, but they are reluctant to let the camera ferret out truth for itself. As a result, squalor becomes picturesque, poverty becomes romantic and humor is engendered by wisecracks and trick props. There are symbols for everything: anxiety is cigarette butts in an ashtray; unwelcome publicity is newspapers coming off a press; abandonment to passion is a cloud obscuring the moon. Underlined this way, what the camera shows is no longer life but a carefully rehearsed facsimile.

In "A Letter to Three Wives," Linda Darnell lives in a house so near the railroad tracks that every time a train goes by all conversation and action ceases and the residents shake in mute unison until the interruption is over. This is a symbol of poverty—a pretty good one—but it is just a little too neat to be real. Someone obviously thought it up.

When the cameras of "The Quiet One" move into a Harlem tenement, you experience a powerful feeling of intrusion; no property man has gone ahead to fix things up for you and the intimacy is shocking. When Donald Thompson goes off in misery to visit his mother, the meeting is flat and empty. Nothing is said or done to fill in the moment, no word or gesture to indicate that the boy isn't welcome. It is just a crude, awkward, ugly meeting and the camera stops for a time because it has nowhere to go. A Hollywood picture never stops; there is always a device ready to keep it rolling, as there is always a radio studio pianist on hand to bridge a silence.

Objections have been raised to the crudity of "The Quiet One," suggestions that the picture suffers from a lack of professional polish, that restricts its acceptability and qualifies its artistry. But I think the source of these objections is in our own softness. We do not miss the exquisite planning of commercial film practice because it would have made "The Quiet One" more effective, but because it would have acted as a shield. There is nothing about this picture to remind us that we are in a theatre and that no one is really going to hurt us—in fact they hurt us quite a bit.

I do not suggest that Hollywood should insert accidents into its pictures or cease to plan carefully. But the special genius of the camera, that it sees things precisely as they are, is negated when invariably what it is allowed to see is fussed with in advance. The camera crews should take back again some of the authority that was stolen from them over the years by the property men.

Toward the end of "Criss Cross," the gunman who is to spirit Burt Lancaster out of a hospital bed and deliver him to the vengeful guns of Dan Duryea has fooled the hospital personnel into thinking him a husband keeping remorseful vigil over a wife lying desperately injured from a car accident incurred while he was at the wheel. It's only a detail, but it has me wondering. How in the world do you go about concocting that sort of story? Was there an accident? Was there a wife? Was she smashed up, and if so, how? What kind of hospital *is* this?

Outside that small, beguiling conundrum, "Criss Cross" is a confusing but routine libido and larceny shocker with Lancaster still unable to bridle his impulses, Duryea again displaying soft menace and Yvonne DeCarlo commuting between them. There is also a professor, a man of really formidable culture, whose enslavement to drink has degraded him to the point of acting as the tactical genius of Duryea's gang. It is good to have the professor back with us again.

ROBERT HATCH

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Halvah

SIR: As a long-time admirer of Robert Hatch's movie column, I am deeply aggrieved by his slighting reference to my favorite dessert *halvah,* for which my attachment is even longer and deeper than my addiction to your movie reviewer. Doesn't Hatch realize that by referring to a film he didn't like as *halvah* he is giving offense to the determined and embattled *halvah* eaters, of whom I am merely the articulate and outraged spokesman? It is true that *halvah,* a Turkish dish, is served in many Russian restaurants. I hope that Hatch's slip is neither evidence of xenophobia nor another slight of our erstwhile ally.

New York City CAROL HURDMAN

P.S. It is true that *halvah* has deteriorated since my boyhood days, but that is because Americans have taken to its manufacture.

From a Farm Bureau Member

SIR: Perhaps the scope of Benton J. Stong's able article ("Rock-Ribbed Farmers," the *NR,* February 28) did not permit him to point out that the Farm Bureau membership had only a remote part in the selection of the delegates to the Atlantic City convention, and that the reactionary resolutions adopted in the name of the rank and file were promulgated by a self-perpetuating National Executive in whose selection the membership has no voice. . . .

Readers should be assured that the delegates to the convention (who are selected from the State Farm Bureaus, who in turn are selected from the County Farm Bureaus, again in turn elected by the officials of local bureaus) never do more than rubber-stamp the resolutions of their Executive and that a motion from the floor would never under any circumstances be entertained. Doubtless most of the objectionable resolutions listed had been prepared *before* the national election!

The evils of the tie-in between the Agricultural Extension Service and this rock-ribbed organization are undeniable, but are only the obvious ones and those most easily uprooted. In many of our states, the State Fairs are run by and for the Farm Bureau. Sure, why not? It was the only organization willing and able to undertake the job. In many localities the AAA Regional Committees are filled by Farm Bureau members. The first step in obtaining federal aid in these districts is to become a Farm Bureau member—otherwise you will never receive a copy of a questionnaire to fill out. Substantially the same goes for crop loans, the FSA and the migratory workers' service.

Safety Harbor, Fla. BERNARD RAYMUND

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They Work While We Sleep

In response to propaganda by Senator Brien McMahon, and to an impudent demand by Soviet Russia, President Truman has wisely and categorically refused to disclose the number of atomic bombs which this country may have prepared to promote world peace and to guard our national security. – *From the Pittsburgh* Sun Telegraph.

Amen!

In announcing his decision to dig graves the cardinal [Spellman] said: "This has been the most important thing I have had to do in the 10 years I have been in New York." – *From the Long Island* Star-Journal.

Printer's Devil

The suspension of the union shop in the *Journal's* mechanical department has enabled Jessen [newly elected president of the California Newspaper Publishers Association] to extend one of his favorite pursuits, helping young people get started in various phases of newspapering. – *From the* California Publisher.

Portia Faces Life

Foods that are too expensive for large families may be a worthwhile indulgence when bought for one. A plump, pretty little squab, for instance, stuffed and cooked with care and served with a couple of glasses of champagne . . . is almost more lifting than a visit to the psychiatrist if spirits are low. – *From Marian Tracy's column in the New York* World-Telegram.

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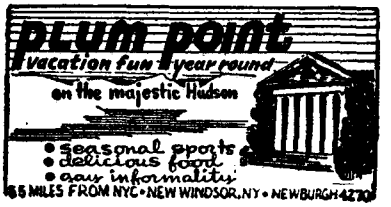
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Statement of Purpose

by The Committee for Free Political Advocacy

Free speech, free press, free assembly and free petition, as guaranteed by the Bill of Rights of the United States Constitution, have no meaning if they apply only to political friends. The test of these guarantees is the application to political antagonists in times of controversy, and to the defense of persons who disagree.

This is the interpretation of free speech applied by Voltaire, Jefferson and Lincoln, and embodied in our Bill of Rights as the most sacred political guarantee of free democracy.

In this light, the present indictment in New York City, by the Federal Government, of twelve communist leaders for political advocacy of a domestically unpopular doctrine is a most shocking exercise of state power. The indictments in these cases allege no overt act whatever, except "teaching and advocating" the principles of "Marxism-Leninism." The indictments allege no "clear and present danger" to bring the action within the Schenck case (Schenck v U. S. 1919, 299 U. S. 47).

If such advocacy is declared a crime, political change in a democracy may become impossible.

Such a decision would, in fact, outlaw the Communist Party and other left-wing groups in the United States, in a manner hardly to be distinguished from the outlawing of the Communist Party by Hitler, Mussolini and Franco. At a time when our country aspires to world democratic leadership, such action is hardly designed to in cur the respect and admiration of the democrati world.

So far this attack on free speech has been ob scured and presented as an attack on the Commu nist Party. Such is not the case. The Communis Party is on trial only so far as free speec itself is on trial, and the entire proceeding repre sents a total distortion of government functior as conceived and limited in the United States fo 159 years.

As the American Civil Liberties Union stated i its brief filed in behalf of the accused: "*. . . W take the position that the statute is unconstitu tional on its face because it punishes mere ad vocacy*" and "*. . . We maintain, therefore, tha since this statute . . . does not make the distinctio between advocacy and incitement, it violates th First Amendment . . .*"

The undersigned, therefore urge that you joi us in an appeal to the Attorney General to sus pend these political prosecutions. It is our view that the Attorney General should reserve his energies for cases where his activities may pre serve, rather than destroy, the political liberty which comprises our most priceless political pos session. Certainly, in view of its sweeping terms a test case of the constitutionality of the Smit Act should be brought before it is used to outla a political party.

The Committee for Free Political Advocacy

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